McKean County Miner.

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SMETHPORT MAN HAS EXPERIENCED MANY THRILLS.

Harry Heilman, chief boatswain's mate of the transport, Henderson, is ending a life-saving furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heilman, of Smethport. Harry enlisted in the navy when a boy of sixteen and when he is enrolled on the retired list next July will have seen 16 years and 9 months service in Uncle Sam's navy. Harry has visited every seacoast country on the globe. He was one of the crew of a warship that made the famous trip around the world during Roosevelt's administration. He has indulged in much fighting in land and sea, having several times been a member of landing parties sent ashore to quell disturbances. During a revolution in Nicaraugua in 1912 he lay stricken with yellow fever while the fighting raged outside his room. Beside his was rifle and revolver and he was ready to defend his life to the last, but fortunately the rebels were driven off before the building he was in was invaded. During shore leave he has hunted all sorts of game in all parts of the world and tells of catching fish by the cart-load and slaughtering deer by the score, notably on the Alaskan coast.

His record in the navy has been an enviable one as a matter of fact he is proud of his chest. He has been decorated with gold service medals and was found over seas to the 13 days. As a result of similar deeds he now numbers among his personal friends he now numbers some high in the naval circles of the United States. He is enthusiastic over the navy as a training school for boys and it certainly has made a fine physical specimen of him as well as provided him with a first class practical education and experience in the affairs of men of a world-wide variety. During the war he made twelve trips on the transport, Henderson, returning last month from one of the most stormy ones, when the boat was seven days overdue in reaching port. At the conclusion of this trip he was transferred to the receiving ship Philadelphia, and will undoubtedly remain on that ship until the conclusion of his active service. He is a boxer of note and has also had experience on the lecture platform in the recruiting service. Harry intends to return to Smethport next July and as he expresses it, "look after my father and mother."

The following story of the Henderson is taken from the newspaper "Sidelights," published aboard that ship.

The story of the U. S. S. Henderson is perhaps the most romantic of any ship in the transport service of the United States. She has experienced everything that a transport in war time can experience with the exception of having been torpedoed. She has survived the perils of the submarine war zone, a fire and two collisions. The Henderson was commissioned May 24, 1917, at Philadelhia, where she was constructed by the navy department to serve as a floating marine base, to be always ready to sail at a few hours' notice in case of trouble to the southward. She has the distinction of being Naval Transport Number One, and it is the fact that she was built and equipped for transport service which makes her so much more comfortable than most of the converted ships. Her completion in building was hastened by the war with Germany and she was a member of the first convoy of American soldiers and marines to France. During her second trip the convoy encountered twelve of the latest German super-submarines off the coast of France and a hot battle ensued in the early morning hours which terminated with the convoy unharmed and several pools of floating oil, spotting the sea, giving evidence of several demolished submarines. During this encounter the Henderson using only her starboard battery of four five-inch fifty calibre guns, fired forty-six shots. She was with the Antilles when it was sunk a short distance from her, and also with the Finland when a torpedo disabled her. A few trips later she was within a short distance of the President Lincoln as she went down and a little later sighted what is believed to have been her floating debris. In the late fall of 1917, while coming out of the narrows of St. Nazairre, she rammed a tramp freighter, but no serious damage ensued, and during November 1918, she was rammed by the Finland and only the calm sea and general favorable conditions prevented a serious disaster. On July 1, 1918, smoke was observed forward and an investigation disclosed a fire raging in the cargo immediately over the forward magazine, which had already made such headway that all attempted efforts to stem it were futile. Marine and sailor passengers numbering nearly two thousand were transferred safely to the Von Steuben, already carrying more than her capacity, with the aid of the destroyers, Paul Jones and Mayrant.—The Henderson then turned back to the states which were seven hundred miles distant, accompanied by the Mayrant. The next day her condition was extremely precarious and the larger part of her crew was transferred to the Mayrant. On July 5, the doughty Henderson, listing thirty degrees, steamed up the Delaware under her own power. After being repaired, she again started out in August and in Delaware bay sighted a submarine, bore down on it, then made for the shore. Two hours later she passed through the floating oil of the Frank W. Kellogg, which had just been sunk. Two months later her bilge keel was found damaged, when in drydock, and putting these two facts together, in addition to the fact that the U-139 cruised the American coast at that time, and had both her periscopes broken and conning tower bent by a transport about that date the office of Naval Intelligence has been asked to verify the facts. If this is accomplished it will determine the fact that the U. S. naval forces off the American coast during the war had contact with the enemy. Aside from these more vivid experiences, she has been aground in St. Nazaire, was tossed about by a midwinter storm and running out of oil, had to put into Newport, R. I., before making New York, and was bumped by the Mattapoisa while docked at Bordeaux. Hers has been a stormy life, and she has been steadily on the job from "the first to France" to the present twelfth trip.

The following account is also given in "Sidelights" of the Henderson's encounter with the U-139. It was on the fourteenth of last August. Just after midnight, that the Henderson was cruising along the American coast between Philadelhia and New York, when the lookout in the foretop called the bridge announcing a suspicious looking object five hundred yards off the starboard bow. The "scuttle" was on the bridge. The lookout others of the deck exclaimed: "It's a submarine." Captain Sayles ordered the rudder "hard right" the floating object and orders were given for general quarters. Two hours later the ship passed through floating oil which was from the tanker, Frank W. Kellogg, which the submarine had sunk two hours previously. Two months later when the Henderson was docked, it was discovered that the starboard bilge keel was badly bent, and no reason could be given to explain the fact. Captain Sayles learned recently while at Brest through a chance conversation with French officers that the German U-139, one of the largest German submarines afloat was then laying at Brest as a prisoner, and that last August she had encountered an American transport, which in attempting to ram her, had succeeded in breaking off both her periscopes, rendering her unable to make attacks thereafter while submerged. These facts were secured from one of her crew, an Alsacian, now interned in the submarine, and the Captain visited her and found both periscopes broken and the forward side of the conning tower bent. If it can be proven beyond doubt as is possible, that the Henderson thus wounded the U-139, it will determine the fact that the U. S. naval forces actually came in contact with the enemy off the American coast during the war, and it will be another feather in the cap of the Henderson's war record.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS DEAL.

An important business deal was concluded in this borough this week by which John M. Wiant purchased the well known jewely business of Victor Engstrom. This is not only one of the finest jewelry stores in this section, but during the years Mr. Engstrom has conducted the business it has gained an enviable reputation for fair dealing and for the high quality of stock carried. Mr. Wiant, the purchaser, has been the efficient jeweler at this establishment for several years, is a master craftsman and is in every way qualified to keep up the high traditions of this leading business stand. He has a wide circle of friends who will wish him unstinted success in his new venture.

MOODY-WALKER.

The marriage of Miss Ella Moody, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Moody of Coryville, Pa., to Frank Walker of Crystal, Pa., was solemnized Wednesday, March 12, 1919, at high noon, at the church in Coryville. Rev Showers performed the ceremony which united the happy couple.

The bride is one of Coryville's most charming young ladies and is well known in Smethport where she attended high school and number her friends by the score. Mr. Walker is a prominent young man who possesses many admirable qualities. the MINER unites with their many friends in extending congratulations.

HECTOR-BIAS MARRIAGE.

Carl D. Hector, formerly of Smethport and Miss Sadie Bias of Huntingdon, W. Va., were married in the M. E. church in that place, Friday March 7. Mr. Hector is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hector of this place and a former resident who has many friends who extend best wishes for life's happiness. He holds a position in Huntingdon with the Camp Glass Co., and the happy couple will reside there.

LARGE AUDIENCE HEARD BISHOP ROGERS ISRAEL

A large concourse of people gathered at St. Luke's Episcopal church last night, the occasion being the first visit to this parish of th Rt. Rev. Rogers Israel, Bishop of the Diocese of Erie since his return from the battlefields of Europe several weeks ago.

On the occasion of his visit here Bishop Israel spoke on his observations along the battle line, the title of his theme being, "The Spirit of the Boys." It was a wonderfully absorbing narrative this gifted divine delivered on this occasion, being a recital of interesting facts which in its direct simplicity made a profound impression on the large audience.

For eighteen months Bishop Israel was a chaplain with the American Red Cross in France, being attached to the 1st, 2nd and 26th Army Divisions, the three divisions which beyond a doubt saw the very hardest fighting of last summer's campaign. He had exceptional opportunities in his great humantarian work to observe the Yankee fighting man under all sorts of conditions and he pays a wonderful tribute to the splendid morale of our boys.

Following the Bishop's splendid address a reception was held at the Parish House of St. Luke's at which a large number availed themselves of the opportunity of greeting personally both Bishop Israel and The Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector of St. Luke's who just recently returned from overseas where he saw several months active service with the Y. M. C. A., being attached to the famous 27th New York Division.

SUPERVISORS' MEETING.

The McKean County Supervisors association will convene at 11 o'clock Friday, March 14, in the Star Theatre, Smethport. There will be morning and afternoon sessions with addresses on matters of much interest to all members. The program follows:

Morning.

11. Call to order. Roll call and election of officers.

Afternoon.

1:00 Opening address, Claude Shattuck, of Smethport.

1:30 "Supervisors' Responsibility to the Public and Penalties for Neglect of Duty." E. J. Jones, of Bradford.

2:00 "What We Want and are Trying to Do for the Benefit of Our Roads in McKean County." Hon. Frank E. Baldwin, of Austin.

2:30 "Concrete Bridge and Road Construction and How the State Will Assist Supervisors." T. C. Frame, state engineer, of Warren.

3:30 "Road Building," illustrated lecture by H. W. Wyn, representative of the state highway department of township roads. Stereopticon views will be used to show the points under discussion.

No supervisor will be eligible to pay unless he gives his full time to the meeting.

The public is invited to attend.

WELL ATTENDED MEETING.

Rev. W. E. Van Dyke's talk on his European experiences at the hose house parlors Thursday evening proved a drawing card and as many men as could possibly find room crowded the parlor. Rev. Mr. Van Dyke's nine months' of service in the Y. M. C. A., close to the fighting lines has provided him with a fund of the most interesting experiences. He has finished his term of service with the Y. M. C. A., although a lecturing tour under the auspices of that organization is a future possibility. He has accumulated an extensive collection of war relics, many of which have been shown at Council of National Defense headquarters. At present a complete collection of bayonets occupy the most conspicuous place in that window and each one has an interesting history. Friday evening at St. Luke's, Rev. Mr. Van Dyke spoke to the congregation regarding his experiences and another very interesting meeting was the result.

GET AN AUTOMOBILE FOR A FEW HOURS WORK

A live energetic man or woman can secure a popular passenger automobile for a few hours work among your friends in evenings, demonstrating and selling automobiles direct from factory For agency proposition address J. H. Grimes, Factory Representative, Carnegie, Pa. adv. 10w13.

ANNUAL FAIR MEETING

The annual Stockholders' Meeting of the McKean County Fair will be held in the Secretary's office in the Grange Bank March 17th at 2:00 P. M. adv 1t

H. J. Rice, Sec.

The Milner prints all the news that that is fit to print.

INTERESTING ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FARM BUREAU.

Due to a day of exceptionally bad weather the annual Farm Bureau meeting had only an attendance of about 85. Even though the attendance was small the interest shown was great, as was shown by the interesting discussions on different subjects by the men of the audience themselves. Many good things were brought out from these discussions.

The election which took place resulted as follows:

President—James McKean, Smethport, Pa.

Vice President—H. R. Hilton, Port Allegany, Pa.

Secretary—Chas. W. Lillibridge Smethport, Pa.

Treasurer—Eugene McCarey, Turtle Point, Pa.

Other members of the Executive Committee are C. J. Carey, Eldred, and A. T. Larson, Kane.

There were also some changes in the Advisory Committee in the county which is no doubt for the better as more interested men were chosen.

The program of work for 1919 was discussed by those present and it was finally decided that the lines of work shown below were the ones most needed in the countyat the present time: Cow Testing Ass'n. Balanced Rations, Silo Campaign, Auto Excursion, Sheep Management, Pig Club, Stock Judging, Corn Variety Demonstration, Oats Variety Demonstration, Seed Corn, Potato Club Line and Fertilizer Demonstration and Farm Bureau Demonstration at Fair Grounds.

Mr. E. S. Bayard Editor of National Stockman and Farmer gave a very interesting talk on "The Future." The main theme of his talk was that the future of farming isbright enough for those interested in economical production. He stated that it was not a matter of greater production, and also showed that the farmer without live stock would not be able to compete with the farmer who couples up the live stock business with his farming.

It is hoped that the farmers of the county will assist the Farm Bureau in carrying out the lines of work mentioned in the above program.

DEATH OF MRS. ELLEN GALLUP.

The death of Mrs. Ellen Brewer Gallup, a highly esteemed resident of Keating toiwnship, occurred at the home of her son, J. V. Gallup, Tuesday, March 11, 1919, having suffered a stroke of paralysis the Friday evening previous. News of her death will be received with great sorrow by hosts of her friends.

The late Mrs. Gallup was born September 23, 1835 on the A. L. Gallup farm in Keating township, a daughter of Harvey Brewer and Amanda Burlingame Brewer. She was one of a family of ten children, and had spent practically her entire life in the vicinity of her birth with the exception of a short time at Girard, Pa.

She was united in marriage with Rev. Alfred D. Gallup youngest son of N. C. and Dina Edmans Gallup in the year of 1851. This union was blessed with four children, two daughters, one dying in infancy and the other at the age of three years, and two sons, Clement, who died at the age of 21 years and J. V. Gallup, who survives.

Always kind and courteous and beloved by both young and old she will be sadly missed by her friends and neighbors.

She is survived by one son, J. V. Gallup who resides at the old homestead in Keating township, two sisters, Mrs. J. B. Tapley, Tuckahoe, N. Y., Mrs. Lillian Becker, Detroit, Mich., two brothers, Oscar Brewer, Sioux City, Iowa, and Charles F. Brewer, St. Louis, Mo. She is also survived by five granddaughters, one grandson and four greatgrand children.

The funeral services will be held at her late home this Thursday afternoon at one o'clock, Rev. Arthur Gregson of the Smethport M. E. church will officiate and interment will be made in the family plot in the Colegrove cemetry.

ATTENTION KNITTERS

We are again taking up knitting. This time for the refugees. Our allotment is for stocking and sweaters for children. You can receive directions for stockings, also yarn three afternoons in the week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 2 to 5. Sweater directions will be given out as soon as they are ready.

The Milner prints all the news that that is fit to print.

BALDWIN FOR SENATE PRESIDENT PRO TEMPORE.

Harrisburg, March 12.—Senator Frank E. Baldwin of Potter county will be the next President pro tempore of the State Senate to succeed Senator Clarence Buckman. This was agreed upon today by the Republican Senators who signed a petition pledging themselves to support him at the Republican caucus. Despite the fact that Senator Baldwin was a member of the so-called Catlin Commission Senator Edwin H. Vare was the first to sign the petition which was circulated to-day.

Senator Baldwin will be elected at the end of the present session and will serve until the next assembly meets. The custom is to re-elect the President pro tempore to serve until the end of the session, so it is altogether likely Senator Baldwin will serve as President pro tempore during the session of 1921.

This is a distinct honor for the senator from this district and the Miner in common with the hundreds of other friends of SenatorBaldwin congratulates him upon this deserved recognition. The selection of this capable representative for the position of President pro tempore of the State Senate was indeed a wise one.

GREAT GAME TOMORROW NIGHT.

What promises to be the best basketball game of an interesting season will occur at the Lyceum tomorrow night when the high school team of Bradford will be Smethport's opponent. Badford defeated Smethport earlier in the season when the Smethport team was split up in order to fill two dates on one night. The fans say the result will be different tomorrow night and everyone is invited to see just what is going to happen. Band music is a feature of the games now, the Smethport Allied Band playing a great concert each Friday night and furnishing music at the Lyceum during intermission of the games. There is always a fast preliminary, and if you want an evening of thrills be on hand at the Lyceum tomorrow night.

VALUABLE STOCK SOLD.

D. L. Dennis, who takes great pride in his select stock of Holstein-Fresian cattle, made a sale of two young bull's last week, one, Prince Hengerveld Calamitha, aged 11 months, being shipped to C. A. Bargerstock, of Punxsutawney, Pa., and the other, King Betty Hengerveld, going to E. L. Crossman at Smicksburg, Pa., father of the County Farm Agent of McKean county, this latter one being 8 months old. While the price is not given it was a substantial amount and goes to show that it pays to raise good stock.

Eldred Eagle.

SMETHPORT WINS ANOTHER

The Johnsonburg Blues were Smethport's opponents at basketball Friday night and after a fierce struggle, the local team got away with their husky opponents, the final score being 47 to 36. It was a very interesting game after Johnsonburg's rally in the second half and the result was in doubt to the last minute. The Smethport Allied Band furnished music and the large crowd enjoyed the evening.

CHILDREN'S DAY AT TRAVELERS' CLUB.

The Travelers' Club will meet—at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon March 15th at St. Luke's Parish House. Committee in charge of the program: Miss Mae E. Choate, Mrs. O. J. Hamlin and Mrs. Frank Potter, Guest day.

FARM FOR SALE

95½ acres, 7 room house, gamble-roof barn, 30x40, basement, 1 team of horses, 7 cows and all farming implements. Running water at house, 5 minutes walk from station, store, school and churches, on state road. Easy terms. Bell phone.

MATT COLEMAN adv.10 w1

LOST

One fine opportunity if you don't look over that 1918 Saxon small touring car the Smethport Garage Company has for sale at a bargain. Powerful six-cylinder Continental motor. Mechanically in fine shape. Fine electric lighting and starting system. Five new tires. Finished in Brewster green and black, and as nice as when it came from the factory. Will sell right. We need room. ad10tf

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OBITUARY NOTICE OF JAMES HARRISON STULL

James Harrison Stull, a son of John and Phoebe Stull, was born in Portville, N. Y., on November the 14th, 1839. He died at his residence, East Smethport, on March the 6th, 1919.

On March the 8th, 1871 he was married to Annie Eliza Terry, who resided in the vicinity of Binghampton, N. Y. Four children were born of the marriage, Myrtle, Cora, Grace and Hattie. He is survived by his widow and the three last named children.

Our deceased brother was a veteran of the Civil War. Responding to the call for volunteers, he enlisted Oct. 1st '61 in Co. H, 58th Penna. Volunteer Infantry. After serving with the Infantry for 13 month, he was transferred to help fill up Battery D, 4th U. S. Light Artillery. Completing his service of three years, he re-enlisted on February the 3rd, 1864, and served another 2 years and 4 months, making in all 5 years and 4 months. His discharge papers show that he had the rank of an artificer and was through 15 engagements. Happily he came through it all unscathed, and lived to treasure up the memories of those eventful days.

He joined the Methodist Episcopal church on July 31st, 1893, and to the end remained faithful to the vows he then took. The funeral was held at that church last Sunday afternoon and a large concourse of sincere mourners followed the remains to their last resting place in Rose Hill cemetery.

We deeply regret the passing of our brother. He belonged to a type which is rapidly disappearing. Sturdy in body, mind, and spirit, he was the embodiment of all that is best in our American manhood. Modest in his bearing, he possessed those sterling qualities of character which do not have to be advertised. If a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, then James Harrison Stull had that distinction. "If character shapes destiny, we may know that it is well with his soul."

As a citizen of this great Commonwealth he was unfailing in his loyalty. If he had been a young man at the out break of the present war, James Harrison Stull would have been amongst the first to volunteer. He would have followed Old Glory into the jaws of Hell itself, if necessary. When "Lincoln the Immortal" issued his call for volunteers in '61 our departed comrad said: "Here am I." With the men of the Federal Army he went forth to save the Union, and keep the stars in the flag. 359,528 of the flower of our manhood sacrificed their lives to preserve inviolate, our American traditions and ideals. 15 per cent of the military population was under arms. With all the death-dealing devices of modern warfare we have not begun to lose as many men in ratio to the population as we did during the Civil war. No wonder Sherman characterized "war as hell." Our brother came thru it all unharmed. He loved to recall those stirring days, and to re-live the incidents which had become fixed in his memory.

After such a strenuous life he has passed on to his rest. It will be but a few years now before every veteran is gathered home. By their deeds they earned for themselves imperishable garlands of glory, and we trust that theirs may be the crown of righteousness laid up for those who await His coming.—Contributed.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce that I have sold my jewelry business to my former employee, Mr. J. M. Wiant, who expects to conduct the business along the same lines.

I wish to give my sincere thanks to the people of Smethport and vicinity, who have so liberally patronized my store. And I know Mr. Wiant will appreciate a continuation of your patronage.

In order to close up the business, those having accounts can either pay me personally or leave same at the store.

VICTOR ENGSTROM.

—Morris Cohen and Phillip Weinstein who have just completed a successful sale of the huge stock of Max Scholar, the Main street clothier which they purchased several weeks ago have about finished the task of packing the remainder of this stock, preparatory to removing to Greensburg, Pa., where they will engage in another big business venture. Messrs. Cohen & Weinstein are energetic, square dealing business men who have made hosts of friends during their tarry in Smethport.

CHANCE FOR COAL EXCHANGE

Britain Has Too Much Anthracite and New York Has a Surplus of Bituminous.

In England the coal controller is trying to induce the people to burn anthracite in place of bituminous coal. He offers to exchange two tons of large anthracite for every ton of bituminous coal that consumers have on hand. In the eastern United States the fuel administration has been trying to get consumers to use bituminous coal in place of anthracite. Welsh anthracite mines are operating on part time, while English and Welsh bituminous coal mines are working overtime, says the New York Commercial.

This would be a fine chance for exchange of products if shipping were available, and it soon will be. New York city needs anthracite and can get a surplus of bituminous coal. England needs the latter and can spare the former. In England most of the people do not know how to burn anthracite. New Yorkers are ignorant of the way to use bituminous coal. The English persist in using open grates for heating rooms, and find it hard to make anthracite burn in them. In New York the open grate is found only in the homes of the wealthy. England shivers with plenty of anthracite in sight, while New York is threatened with a famine of domestic sizes of anthracite. Each regards the other as pig-headed because neither knows how to use the fuel available. It's an old world.

WELCOME DEATH'S COLD HAND

Little Wonder That Men Who Realize Their Appalling Loneliness Should End It All.

Alone. Not a living soul near to whom to speak. Forsaken it seems almost by God, whose presence scarce can penetrate the confused jangle of the city slums. Alone and penniless, with none to know or care. It is a harder lot by far than death. What wonder that men die?

Alone—with bitter thoughts of failure crowding through the interstices of a sluggish brain. Alone—with not even two coins to rub in warming friction, clammy hands thrust into empty pockets. It is hard to live and doubly hard to die. What wonder that men kill their breathing pulsing thews within we fail life? What wonder that men pass by their own hand from living death to deathless living?

They come and stay with us a while—and pass, defying God and man, themselves defied. And only they whose hearts beat with a richer, warmer, redder blood will understand.—Milwaukee Journal.

Patti's Beauty Vanishes.

According to a writer in Everybody's Magazine, "Patti lives, not only in our hearts, but really, in the flesh, at the age of seventy-six, in her magnificent castle of Craig-y-Nos, ten miles north of Swansea, in South Wales, on which she has spent quite half a million. She lives there with her third husband, Baron Cederstrom, and sometimes, when they feel inclined, they throw open their theater, a replica of the Baireuth theater, to the countryside and give one of the operas in which Patti once thrilled the world. Until recently Patti was even sometimes prevailed upon to appear at Albert hall in London for the benefit of some charity, but her beauty is quite gone—it vanished far earlier than her voice—and so for the most part she is happiest in her Welsh fastnesses among the neighbors, who will always call her the 'Queen of Wales.'"

Dutch Select Wireless Site.

The site for the wireless station intended for communication between the Netherlands and the Dutch East Indies has finally been decided on. The Koelberg hill, which is 86 meters high and located in Hoog-Buurlo, near Apeldoorn, was selected, according to the Scientific American.

A new railway line will be constructed from Kastwyk. The station is to have four towers, each 210 meters high, a large power house and building for housing the operatives. The communicating station in India is to be built near Bandoeng in the Preanger, so that the distance between the two stations will be some 11,000 kilometers.

Ancient Rock Engravings.

The prehistoric art museum lately revealed in Montesquil-Avantes, Ariege, southern France, contains rock engravings estimated to be 30,000 years old. Continuing the exploration interrupted by the war, Count Begouen and his three sons discovered on the inner walls of the cavern a bas relief of a real lion, with numerous figures of reindeers, bisons, horses, bears, elephants, rhinoceroses, and such birds as ducks and swans. Strangest of all is a silhouette of a powerful man, with thick neck, distinctly human limbs, feet and hands, and a tail, and represented walking on all fours.

Prepare for Another Day.

Prepare today for the morrow. It is the only way to advance rapidly and with success. He best succeeds who, in advance to demand, knows his abilities and shortcoming, who is able best to estimate his capacity for production, mental or physical. Prepare incessantly for promotion, and promotion must come. Neglect to prepare for the future, and there will be no future.—It is such neglect that has spelled stagnation for millions in the past, that will spell stagnation for millions in the future.—Milwaukee Journal.

ANCIENT ACTORS WELL PAID

Researches Show That Oldtime Entertainers Were by No Means Inadequately Rewarded.

Enormous salaries of actors today are looked upon as a modern innovation, growing with the development of the American millionaire and the imagination of the American press agent. Such is not the case, says Robert Mantell, who in his studies in the preparation of his classic repertoire has come across many bits of curious information, observes the Buffalo Express. The Roman actor Roscius, whose name has become synonymous with all that is marvelous in a player, earned a salary which, according to Mr. Mantell, puts that warm friend of Cicero quite in a class with Charlie Chaplin. Roscius drew about $150 daily in the money of his time, which had a purchasing power equivalent to nearly $1,000 in United States money, even without the aid of the war and the patriotism of the restaurant men. That brings his annual salary to the half-million mark. Another actor, the tragedian Aesopius, not to be confounded with the writer of fables, and who also was a friend of Cicero, received so great a salary that he left a vast fortune to his son. When Emperor Vespasian repaired the theater of Marcellus he gave the tragedian Apollinaris (whom a Winter garden comedian might dub "the father of waters") $20,000 to appear there, but the length of his services is not stated. To each of two harpists in the company, Terpinus and Diadorus, he gave $10,000, and no player received less than $2,000. In addition, he made the actors numerous special presents of money, always gold.

Coming down to more recent times and more modest amounts, but still comparable with salaries of today, David Garrick drew at the height of his popularity $270 a night. Macready in 1839, when he staged for the first time "Richelieu," was paid $125 a night, and Miss Ellen Tree, about the same period, drew the same salary.

DOG REFUSED TO STAY DEAD

Indianapolis Policeman Found He Had Not Done as Good a Job as He Thought.

Frank Finney, motor policeman, lost his good opinion as a marksman the other day after he and his partner, Ben Lansing, had been called to the Coburn Storage and Warehouse company, 211 West Georgia street, to end the suffering of a dog that had been run over by an automobile.

Finney shot the dog all right, the bullet apparently putting an end to the animal's suffering. In fact attaches of the warehouse officially pronounced the dog dead, and told the two motor policemen they could return to headquarters, as further services would not be needed.

A short time after the motor policemen returned, an attache of the warehouse telephoned to Captain Sanders and told him the dog apparently had "come to life again" and was trying to walk. Finney and Lansing were sent back to complete the job. The former, however, refused to take a hand in the affair, contending that he had killed it the first time, so Lansing was chosen as executioner, and the dog was ready and finally killed.—Indianapolis News.

Doughboy Missed Treasure.

At Varennes they still show the place where the doughboy fainted.

For the greater part of a week he had been busy there at the humble tasks of general police when into his hallwick burst an anxious French soldier, who explained that Varennes had been his home before the war, and that he had had to leave it hastily when the Germans came four years before.

After much explanation, he began to prospect about as though he were looking for oil, finally took his bearings, paced three to the right from the pharmacie, ten to the north, four to the east. Then he dug. He dug and he dug, and at last the doughboy saw—disinterred from the very spot where he had been loitering all week—the tidy sum of 20,000 francs in gold.

The Course of True Love.

"Clarence Spradd has had a spat with that 'ere plump Goggle's girl," related Burt Blurt of Petunia. "He bought one of them there fashionable, thin-legged suits of clothes with a belt and a pucker in the back, and expected it would make him look like the swell young fellers in the advertising columns of the newspapers. And the Goggles girl said he looked more like a comic picture in another part of the same paper." He up and told her he'd rather be hung than to marry her, and she said she'd rather he would be."—Kansas City Star.

Can Opener Makes Good Needle.

Many cans used for packing meat and other food products are operated by means of a small handle or key, which has an eye for receiving a strip of tin and winding it up. These keys are always furnished with the can and usually thrown away as the can is opened. Should a large needle for sewing blankets or burlap be required, a splendid one may be made by straightening out one of these keys and filling the end down to a point.

Making Our Own Bronze Powder.

The United States industries use practically [illegible] pound—of bronze powder annually, and 15 per cent of the total consumption was formerly imported from Germany, but is now made in America.

ALL TO BE HONORED ALIKE

No Distinction in Headstones Over British Officers and Men Who Died in the War.

Speaking of the resolutions adopted by the imperial war graves commission, a writer in the London Times says: "From the first it was laid down by the commission that no distinction should be made in the form or character of memorial to officers and men lying in the same cemetery. It was felt that what was done for one should be done for all, and that all, whatever their military rank or position in civil life, should have equal treatment so far as their graves were concerned. Were the erection of monuments left to individual initiative, probably those of the well-to-do would overshadow those of their poorer comrades, to the loss of the whole sense of common sacrifice and service. The place for the individual monument, it was thought, should be at home. Therefore the creation of individual headstones of a single uniform pattern has been decided upon. These headstones will bear the badge of the regiment or unit to which the soldier belonged, together with the name, rank, regiment, and date of death. They should be easy of identification, and will perpetuate the present effect produced by the wooden crosses. As a central monument in each cemetery a cross and memorial stone are to be set up, simple but impressive in character. An inscription for the stone has been selected by Rudyard Kipling."

OLD-TIME TOOTH POWDER AD

Printed in Scottish Newspaper in 1660, In All Probability It Was the First.

One of those individuals who has leisure enough to dig into the records of days long past, has unearthed what is said to be the first advertisement ever published of a preparation for cleansing and preserving the teeth. It appeared 258 years ago, and, though the language is a bit involved, the writer needed no lessons from modern publicity experts in claiming virtues for his product. The ad was printed in the Mercurius Politicus of Leith, Scotland, in 1660, and reads:

"Most Excellent and Approved Dentifrice to scour and clean the Teeth, making them white as Ivory; preserves from Toothache; so that being constantly used, the parties using it are never troubled with the Toothache; it fastens the Teeth, sweetens the Breath and preserves the Mouth and Gums from Canker and Imposthumes. Made by Robert Turner, Gentleman; and the rights are only to be had at Thomas Basker, Stationer, at the Holy Lamb at the East end of St. Paul's Church, near the School, in sealed papers at 12d the paper. The reader is desired to beware of counterfeits."

Warfare Little Changed.

When General Pershing saw the dangerous salient in the German line, he put in the American army instantly, meeting the emergency as Caesar met the rush of the Nervii in that same northeast France. When he encountered the complicated fortifications, trenches, pits and tangles of the Argonne, he employed precisely the kind of tactics to win through that Xenophon employed at the River Centrites more than 2,300 years ago and the same that Caesar used in his triumphant campaign against Vercingetorix. The details change, the principles remain. Napoleon summed up the unaltering art in 78 maxims, and the last of these declares that the only way to become a great captain is to study the campaigns of the great generals of all times.

War Horrors.

Two women were talking on a bus. "My hair became so gray during the war," said the first woman. "I hope it will be all right after awhile."

"I can understand," said the second woman. "It was enough to make any one's hair gray. I am sure you won't add any more gray hairs now that peace has come."

"Oh," said the first woman candidly, "it wasn't exactly because of the war that my hair became gray—that is, it wasn't because of worry; but, you know, the preparation I used to use—was imported—and during the war I couldn't get any of it. I had to let the gray hairs have their way—but now I hope it will be different," she ended brightly.

A Crying Need.

"There ort to be a school here for training young 'footpads,'" said Sandstorm Smith, the well-known cattle baron of Rampage, Okla., who is temporarily in Kansas City's midst. "After having grown accustomed to the regular fashions in such functions I pesters me to be fooled with by ignorant amateurs. Half of the time, with their jiggering and stuttering, I don't know whether they are trying to hold me up or act out some sort of a charade."—Kansas City Star.

Hotels That Pay Their Guests.

A newspaper reports that the hotel proprietors in Prague, Bohemia, have "cut their rates more than 100 per cent." From a financial point of view one might "rather live in Bohemia than in any other land."—Boston Transcript.

The New Way.

"Don't be in such a hurry to succeed, son. Look at me. I began life at the bottom."

"Well, I've been in France, and I began by going over the top."

INGALLS' EULOGY OF GRASS

Brilliant Piece of Writing by Famous Kansan Will Forever Hold Place in Literature.

"Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that miniature wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass, and when the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of the market and the forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of earth has made and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead. Grass is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by the wandering birds, propagated by the subtle agriculture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. It bears no luxury of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet, should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world."

This classic by John J. Ingalls, was first printed in the Duluth Herald, says the Kansas Magazine, when Senator Ingalls was one of its owners.

"CARAVAN KITCHENS" TO STAY

Introduced as Wartime Measure in England, They Have Demonstrated Their Usefulness.

One of the most successful wartime experiments has been the caravan kitchen, says a London (Eng.) dispatch.

Owing to the fact that so many mothers had to leave their families of young children to fend for themselves while they went out to work by [illegible] Miss Harbord-Smith conceived the idea of [illegible] to the needs of these children [illegible] caravan kitchen.

Assisted by three or four other women, she paraded the poorer quarters of London, cooking en route all kinds of toothsome and nourishing dishes. The kiddies came running out with their plates at the blowing of a tin trumpet, and were served with a piping hot and appetizing dinner in return for a trifling sum of money, which had been left with them for this purpose by mother.

The fame of the caravan kitchen soon spread abroad, and within a short space of time was paying its way, 33,000 dinners a week being served in one district alone.

So successful has been this traveling caterer it is likely the work will be continued on a larger scale, and become a permanent institution, instead of a wartime measure.

Bird Welcome on Board Ship.

Weary of wing and starved, a tiny linnet alighted aboard the four-masted schooner Sophie Christenson 1,000 miles from San Francisco, according to Capt. Bob McCarron.

A tramp steamer was built down on the horizon when the linnet reached the schooner, and one of the theories as to its long flight was that the bird had been a pet on the vessel and, yearning for land, and sought to fly to the far-away shore.

Aboard the schooner is a canary and, as though by instinct, the linnet flew to the cage of the canary, perching precariously while the schooner heaved and tossed. Captain McCarron opened the door of the cage and the linnet soon recovered. The canary welcomed the linnet and they are now chums.

Black Fox Industry.

The number of foxes in the ranches of Prince Edward Island at the beginning of the pelting season in 1917 was approximately 10,000. From December 1, 1917, to January 31, 1918, 2,500 foxes were killed and their skins marketed. Raising ranch-bred foxes is an industry that is being carried on extensively in all the Canadian provinces; in at least a dozen of the northernmost of the United States, and beginning in Japan and Norway, all lying in much the same climatic belt, adapted to domesticating the black fox under the most favorable conditions.

Wedding-Ring Custom to Stay.

Jewelers say that the war-time custom in England of brides buying their own wedding rings has come to stay. It had to be done when the bride groom only reached England an hour or two before the wedding, and now the custom has too many advantages to be given up quickly, for obviously a girl knows better than any man the size of ring that she requires.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Lemon Tree Bears Oranges.

From the Journal of Heredity we learn of a rather novel case of a lemon tree which proceeded to produce oranges. The tree, supposedly of the ordinary Italian lemon variety, was transplanted to Egypt. When it bore fruit it was noticed that the leaves were more spherical than lemon usually are and bore an orange colored stripe. One branch bore a large fruit which was unmistakably an orange.

MADE ODD CHOICE OF "LOOT"

Sailors Had Little Time to Select, and Result Showed Wide Divergence of Ideas.

What would you take if a great many of the choicest goods of the world were spread before you and you had approximately a half hour to load yourself with legitimate loot?

This problem came before British sailors whose destroyer had answered the call of distress of a torpedoed liner. The ship was sinking slowly. It had been hit by two torpedoes and could not possibly be saved. The forward bulk-heads still held, and it was certain that a half hour remained for the destroyer's boarding party and the liner's crew to remain aboard and help themselves."

This is what happened:

One sailor took a knife, fork and spoon of the liner's best silver.

An assistant-paymaster, who writes a diary in odd hours, took four bundles of typewriter paper.

A petty officer spent the entire half hour trying to remove a handsome clock in the upper-deck dining salon, but came away empty-handed.

A cook took a carving knife.

Another cook took an easy chair.

A petty officer took an armful of fine table linen for his mother.

Many sailors took blankets.

The ship's crew were content with their own personal kit.

In addition to usual articles in a liner's dining salons and cabins, there were automobiles on board, victrolas, pianos and a purser's safe of the latest model. However, nobody seemed to want them, and they went down with the ship.

MANY CARILLONS WERE SAVED

Famous Bells of Belgium Not All Destroyed by Hun Ravages of the Country.

Thinking of peace memorials, the United States will be the richer for the possession of carillons, those gigantic bell pianos, as they might be called, for which Belgium was and happily can still be famous. Many of her carillons, with from 38 to 52 bells, ranging from little ones that weigh only a few pounds to big ones of six or seven tons, were destroyed by shell fire or wanton spoliation, but some of them have survived unscathed. The bells of Ieschem were taken away by the Germans, and recaptured and brought back by the British. The carillon of Malines survived in a tower that was seven times hit by artillery; but the keyboard was smashed from which Josef Denyn, one of the greatest "bellmasters" in the world bravely rang out the national airs of Belgium while the invaders were getting ready to enter the town. And now the carillon of Malines can resume its interrupted weekly concerts, one of which, just before the war, is said to have had an audience of at least 30,000.

Had Imitation Submarine Target.

The skill with which the American gunners frustrated the attacks of U-boats was due, in a large measure, to the use of an ingenious target for gun practice during the voyages, asserts a writer in Popular Mechanics Magazine. The device consisted of a framework, about 30 feet long and five feet wide, built to be drawn through the water, with an imitation conning tower and periscope mounted on the upper side. It was drawn behind the ship by means of two cables attached one above the other. By pulling on the upper one, the upper side of the frame was made to project forward, causing the target to rise to the surface, while, by pulling on the lower cable the device would quickly submerge. Officers out of sight of the gunners manipulated the apparatus, frequently changing the range by paying out or taking in the cables.

Unpopular Job.

Few persons were desirous of qualifying for the task of destroying 24,000 pounds of dynamite and other high explosives, stored until recently in an abandoned magazine. The unpopularity of the job was increased by the fact that a previous attempt to burn the explosives had resulted in detonations so violent that the experimenters fled. Finally an expert was employed who carefully opened each box with a wooden wedge and mallet and examined the contents. In most cases he found that the material could be destroyed by dumping it on the ground saturating it with oil, and then igniting it with a fuse that permitted withdrawal before explosions took place.

Asphodel as Source of Alcohol.

The asphodel, which contains much starch in its tubers, grows as a common weed (porrazzo) in many parts of Italy—in fact, it has been called "the plague of the Mediterranean." At one time it was cultivated as a source of industrial spirit, but owing to difficulties in the rectification the culture was abandoned. If these difficulties could be overcome Italy would be able to considerably increase her home supply of spirit.

Motortruck on Farms.

Investigation shows that the motortruck is making longer hauls for the farmer at a decreased cost as compared with horses.

California Leads in Beans.

According to government figures, California last year produced more than half the beans in the United States.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

KEPT BUSY DODGING SHELLS

Negro Soldier Tells Amusing Story of His Game of Leap Frog "All Ovah France."

The inferno of hot work in the line evoked the religious fervor of negro troops, which never is far from the surface, and this aspect of the fighting still occupies a prominent place in the recollection of wounded negro soldiers returning to this country.

"When Fritz spotted us hell bar' wide open an' tu'n all dem onregenerate fellers into ragin' prayer meeting," said a sergeant. "Den we onlimbers en smite 'ol' Satan wid de sword of Gideon; den Fritzies, dey jes' skedaddle ev'y which ways."

Private Charles Walker of the Five Hundred and Seventieth infantry, a "ragin" prayer meetin'" of one, was cited for his devotion to duty in carrying messages under fire when all the other runners of his outfit had been killed or wounded.

"I jes' kep' a-prayin' an' a-runnin' an' a-dodgin'," he said, "an' the Lord sure kep' step wid me, but I don't see how he done it. I jes' natchully played hide an' seek, en leap frog wid shells all ovah France, I reckon.

"But w'en de biggest of all come a-whoppin' along I wuz right out in de open an' no shell hole nigh. Honest to goodness, hit wuz es big es me an' a dern sight mo' sure wheah hit wuz gwine. I flop like a rabbit an' fairly cuddle de yeth—reckon I landed quicker'n dat ol' shell did.

"I jes lay theah a-talkin' to Jesus hard ez I could en a-watchin' dat ol' shell all de time. I seen her fairly humpin' he'self outen de groun' erswellin' to'rds us. But thanks de good Lord, she quit er-humpin' an' er-swellin' and I crep' off fo' she made up 'er mind w'at she gwine to do nex'."

SENTIMENT IN THE TRENCHES

Soldier's Reason for Not Shooting Hare Was a Decided Reflection on the Hun.

This [illegible] comes from a Scotchman who was one of the first Yanks to reach the front:

A big, lanky, good-humored chap was with me on outpost duty and we were lying listening in a wood where there were several clumps of underbrush in our neighborhood. We were talking of Scotch a move forward when we spied a large French hare running straight toward us. He was coming as directly as possible away from the enemy lines.

Although there was no attack from either side in progress at that moment, the unsavory rattle of some machine gun and the occasional crack of a rifle rendered it safe to fire a shot at any object without fear of discovery.

"Hit him or I will," said I, "Don't shoot," was the answer, "the poor beggar thinks he has a better chance for life coming over to us than he has going in the Huns' direction."

That bit of sentiment knocked me cold and I could not stir the trigger. The hare disappeared in the underbrush and I felt convinced that his sympathies were with us. It would have been a different story had it been the spiked cap of a Boche we had sighted.

Automobiles in Canada.

In 1914 the number of automobiles in Canada was 67,415, increasing to 189,320 in 1917. It is estimated that the number of cars in use at the close of the present year will be approximately 250,000. With an estimated population of 8,000,000 this gives a proportion of one car for every thirty-two inhabitants, as against one for every 118 inhabitants four years ago. Statistics have been compiled showing the occupations of car owners throughout the country, and from this it is apparent that about 90 per cent of all the cars in use are owned by persons whose occupations are such that the automobile in their hands is a utility enabling them to do more and better work. Nearly one-half of the cars in use are the property of farmers.

Will Sell Seeadler.

An echo of the German sea raiders comes from the South Pacific. There on the coast of Lord Howe island lies the wreck of the Seeadler, of Atlantic fame two years ago. According to reports, the raider is to be sold by auction by the French government. Though her hull is badly damaged the Seeadler's engines are in good condition, and there is also a large quantity of hawsers, tanks, and other equipment. The famous raider was at one time the barque Pass of Balmahy, of 1,571 tons. After her capture by the Germans the latter fitted her out with powerful Diesel oil engines of 120 horsepower.

Katie.

"Katie" is the soldiers' stuttering song. When little Mary first heard it she was amazed for she did not think that anyone except her little playmate Ruth stuttered. But when she heard it again and again she began to understand its nature. One day after hearing it she went to her older sister. "Margaret," she began, "don't you bet Ruth could sing 'Katie' better than anybody you know?"

Boa Constrictor Mascot.

An officer of the fleet just returned from abroad says the queerest ship mascot he ever saw was a full-sized boa constrictor on H. M. S. Valiant, one of the dreadnaughts of the British grand fleet—long enough, he says, to use for a homeward-bound pennant, if slightly flattened out.

Smethport, Pa., March , 1919.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Chas. W. Masser, hardware has a change of advertisement in another column.

—Your attention is called to the change of advertisement of Mrs. H. L. Backus which appears in this issue of the Miner.

—The condition of Mrs. J. C. Cunningham of East Main street who has been seriously ill during the past several weeks does not improve in the manner her many friends would wish.

—Owing to the burning out of a chimney at the home of George Howe in East Smethport Sunday evening a fire alarm was turned in, which was readily responded to by a large crowd. No damage was done and the fire department was stopped before reaching the scene.

Mrs. Caroline Oskerlund of East Smethport, while walking along the sidewalk near the East street bridge last Monday evening, had the misfortune to fall breaking her right arm near the wrist. Dr. Chadwick was called and reduced the fracture and Mrs. Oskerlund is getting along as well as one could expect.

—Mrs. A. A. McLean, aged 69 years, one of the most highly esteemed residents of Duke Center died at her home Sunday evening, following a stroke of paralysis which she suffered Saturday morning. Mrs. McLean is survived by her husband, one son Dr. E. M. McLean of Bradford, and two daughters, Mrs. Wesley Roeder of Glen Hadel, and Miss Mabel McLean at home. The funeral services were held yesterday at her late home.

Clinton McAbon of Wellsville, N. Y., spent the week end at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. P. H. McAbon at East Smethport. "Chuck," who was a member of the 27th New York Division in France last summer was severely wounded in the leg during the severe fighting which accompanied the puncturing of the, supposedly invulnerable Hindenburg line last August. Since his return to the United States several weeks ago he has spent most of the time in a hospital. He has now almost completely recovered and has received his honorable discharge from the service recently.

Look out for Spanish Influenza.

At the first sign of a cold take

HILL'S CASCARA BROMIDE QUININE

Standard cold remedy for years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no [illegible] Stops a cold in 24 hours—relieves grippe in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red Top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

Packers' By-Products.

The by-products obtained in the packing house industry may be divided into two classes—the edible and the inedible. The inedible constitute the external covering (hair, horns, hoofs and hides), some of the offal and the bones. From these are prepared a great variety of substances, some of which have developed into enormous industries in themselves, such as leather, soap, glue and fertilizer. The last mentioned represents the ultimate utilization of packing house waste. For example, in the manufacture of buttons, combs, knife handles and spatulas from the horns and hoofs of cattle and sheep and the hoofs of hogs the waste resulting from the preparation of these articles was at one time thrown away, but it has been found that by treating such material with sulphuric acid, the nitrogen which it contains becomes available as a fertilizer.

Tanks May Tow Barges.

When the swords are beaten into plowshares, what is to happen to the tanks? Many people must have asked themselves this question, and C. J. Albertain's recent article in the London News suggests an answer, for with slight modifications, the "whippets," at any rate, might well be used as tractors on the towpaths of our reconstructed state canals. The French government, I am told, observes a similar trend in the Edinburgh Scots and has made experiments already in this very direction and has found that a light tank is capable of hauling four fully laden barges at a speed of two miles an hour, which is about twice that of a horse. Mechanical traction has been employed on some of the German canals for some considerable time.

Resemblance.

"My dear," said Mr. X. as he looked at his wife's purchases, "you remind me of the Greek slave."

"How so?"

"You were sold at auction."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Doing Nicely.

"I hear you have a new lady clerk."

"Yep."

"How is she doing in the office?"

"Doing very well. Half the clerks seem to be willing to do her work for her."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

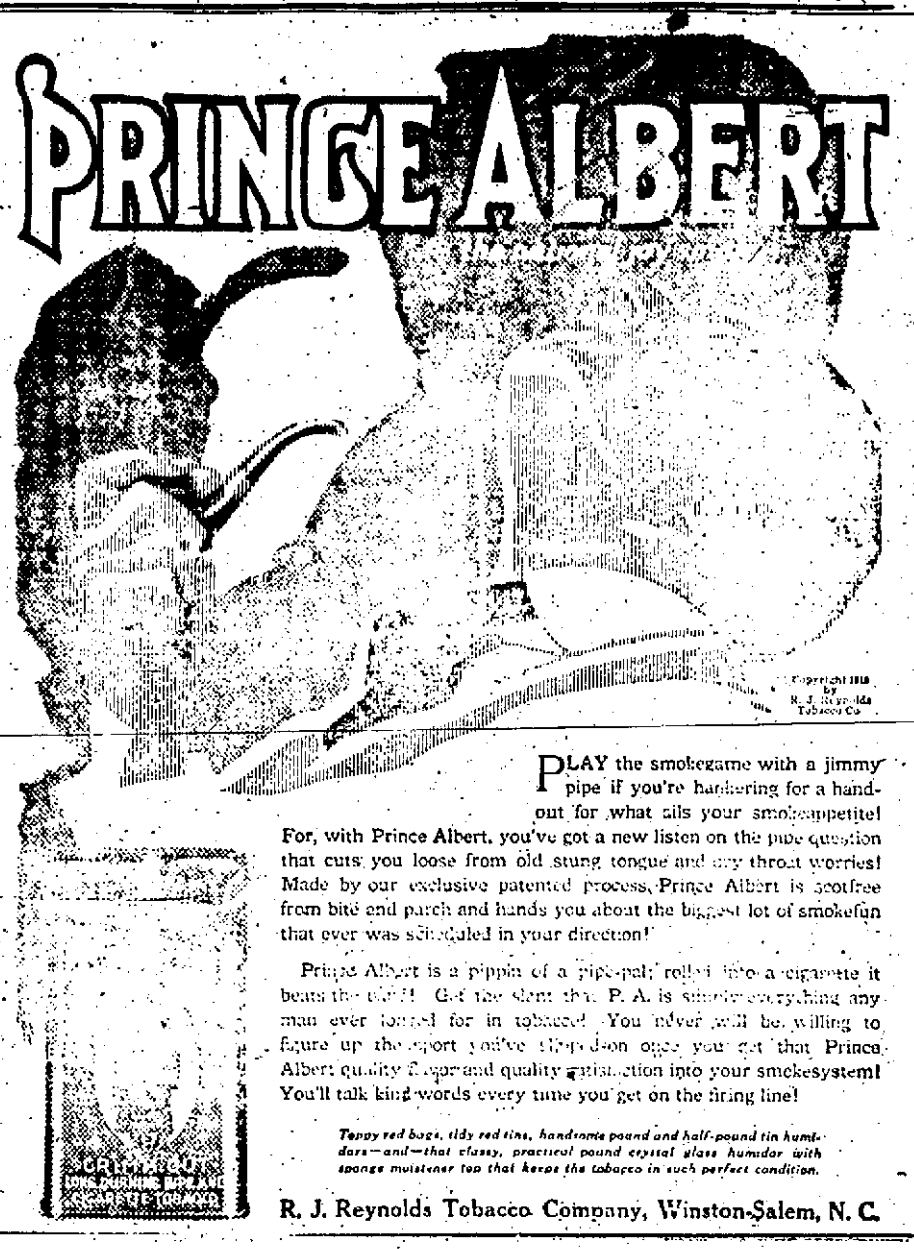
Had a Reason.

"What makes you so sleepy around the office?"

"It's my sense of duty, boss."

"Huh?"

"I lie awake too much at night thinking about my work."



PLAY the smokegame with a jimmy pipe if you're hankering for a handout for what ails your smokeappetite! For, with Prince Albert, you've got a new listen on the pipe question that cuts you loose from old stung tongue and dry throat worries! Made by our exclusive patented process, Prince Albert is scotfree from bite and parch and hands you about the biggest lot of smokefun that ever was scheduled in your direction!

Prince Albert is a pippin of a pipe-pal; rolled into a cigarette it beats the world! Get the slant that P. A. is simply everything any man ever looked for in tobacco! You never will be willing to figure up the report you've chirped on once you get that Prince Albert quality flavor and quality satisfaction into your smokesystem! You'll talk kind words every time you get on the firing line!

Tappy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CHOICE CANDY AND BAKED GOODS AT

BRASTED'S Bakery

Flows 8 to 10 acres a day. It turns in a 12-foot circle and operates well in orchards and places where space is restricted.

It's pulley belt gives 20 h. p. for stationary work, as filling silos, cutting ensilage, etc.

It is fast replacing teams for work around factories and on oil and gas leases.

We are glad to demonstrate it at any time.

Smethport Garage Co.

Smethport, Pa.

NOW COMES THE FLYABOUT

Airplanes Seem to Bid Fair to Take the Place Now Held by the Chummy Roadster.

There was a time, and not so terribly many years ago, when the young man who invested his hard-earned cash in what was known as a "best-200 buggy got some mention in the home paper. His purchase was chronicled with the added advice of, "Look out, girls!" With red running gears rubber tires, a tassel on the horse's bridle, and a whip that cost at least $1.25, this young man was so well equipped that he was a force to reckon with, whist love-making was going on.

He has passed, and in his stead has come the long, low, rakish motorcar. It burns gasoline and leaves an unpleasant odor in its wake, but it represents speed and exclusiveness. It is the chummy roadster. Too soon, it seems, it also will pass away. In a New York newspaper is the advertisement of an aircraft concern. "What about the boy who overseas has been roaming the sky, day after day, flying free in the glorious ether?" it wants to know. When he comes home, the advertisement says, he will not be satisfied with a motorboat or an automobile. "So why not meet the inevitable," it asks, "and buy him an airplane now?" Now that the stress of war-time production is over, this particular concern is offering flying boats, seaplanes and chummy flyabouts for commercial or pleasure purposes. "An appropriate gift for your son or daughter," is the concluding sentence.

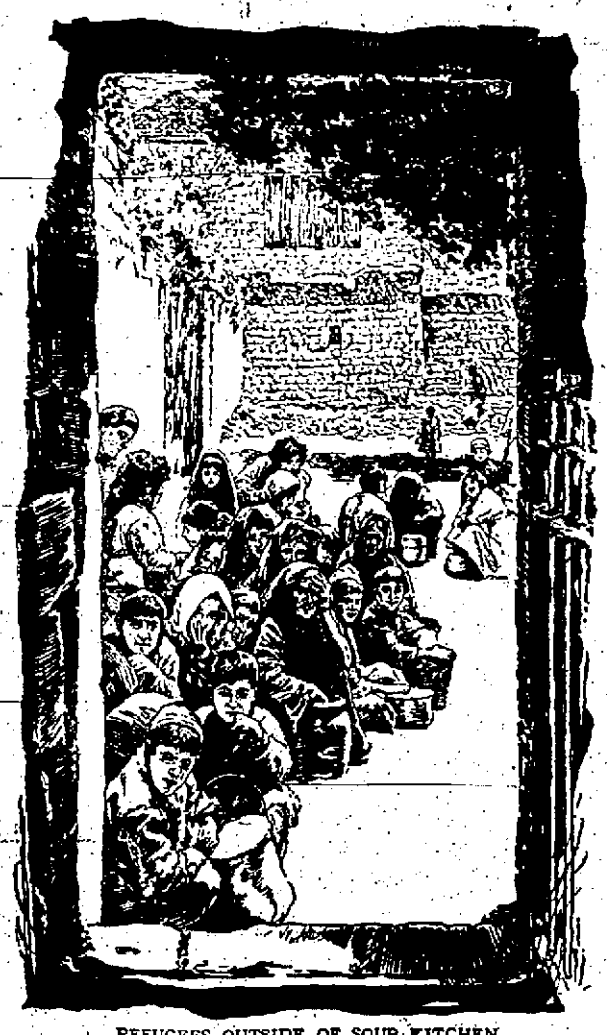
PIGS AS MACHINE GUNNERS

Shrewd Trick Played by Germans When They Fled Before the Conquering American Troops.

The crafty Germans resorted to all sorts of tricks to check the advance of the Yankees in the fighting just before the armistice was signed, according to a letter from Sergt. Sidney S. Foy, formerly of Detroit, Mich., now attached to a headquarters company in a classification camp in France, to a friend in the Michigan city.

Foy writes that pigs were numerous during the advance and that the Germans used them to help in putting Yankees out of action. When the Huns were forced to retreat they would tie a pig by the leg to the trigger of a machine gun. When the Yanks would charge, the pig, becoming frightened, would squeal and tug to free itself. Every tug the pig made a shot was fired at the waves of oncoming American troops, and, of course, some of them were hit.

This was only one of the ruses adopted by the Germans, says Foy, and the Yankees had to use the utmost caution in going over the ground evacuated by the Germans.



REFUGEES OUTSIDE OF SOUP KITCHEN
(From actual photograph.)

Help Banish Famine Forever from this Death Valley of the Near East

The day of fire and sword is done.
The day of kindness and of healing is here.

MILLIONS of helpless human beings have died of massacre and starvation in this Death Valley of the Old World. But four million survivors are left, homeless, helpless, almost hopeless, imploring aid from America, whose riches even the Great War could not drain.

More than 400,000 sufferers are orphaned children. Their parents died either by slaughter, plague, or hunger in these lands where even the living are too dead to bury the dead.

When Turkey surrendered, the barriers against relief and reconstruction work went down. Now redoubled and *unhampered* efforts can be made—*must* be made—to nurse these fainting, starving multitudes of the Near East back to life and self-support.

17 cents a day, $5.00 a month, $60.00 a year, will keep alive one of these unfortunates. The only pity that can help them is the pity of your dollars.

$30,000,000 must be raised this week to carry them through their present need and put them on their feet. Give as much as you can.

In the name of your own dead, in the name of your living, give. Give out of gratitude that you and yours have not had to bear this awful fate of the Near East—and never will have to.

Give Your Utmost Today. 4,000,000 Are Starving.

Every dollar subscribed goes to the Relief Work
All expenses are privately met
All funds are cabled through the Department of State
All funds are distributed through U. S. Consuls or American Agencies
Our Government is prevented from giving aid
The Red Cross is not organized for Relief Work in these sections

This space contributed by

Make contributions payable to

American Committee for Relief in the Near East
(Formerly American Committee Armenian-Syrian Relief)

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, County Chairman
CHAS. W. MASSER, Local Treasurer

Adv. 42.

Having bought the GROCERY BUSINESS of George M. Morrison.

I intend to keep a full line of staple and fancy Groceries.

Come in and let us tell you how to save 60 per cent on your grocery bill.

WALTER C. DALY
Phone 9-2-J
SMETHPORT, PA.

Engstrom's Jewelry

A gift for every occasion and to suit all purses can always be found in our well selected stock.

Come and make your choice—the price is always the lowest.

ENGSTROM'S JEWELRY STORE
Smethport, Pa.

Magazine Agency

Good Housekeeping advances to $2.00 February 1st. Now is your chance to get it for $1.50 per year.

Mrs. H. L. Backus
Smethport, Pa.

JONTEEL

The new $100,000 odor

TALC—FACE POWDER

Cold Cream and

Combination Cream

Hogarth's Pharmacy
(THE REXALL STORE)
PHONE 884

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

Smethport, Thursday March 13, 1919.

According to official notice from Washington the rate on first class mail matter will be changed on July 1 to the old rate of two cents per ounce. Post cards will also be carried at the former rate of one cent. No changes are noted in other classes of mail matter.

Somebody ought to start a "helping Smethport" drive. This town certainly needs an industrial revival campaign. It has helped everything else on the calendar in a liberal manner and now it would seem to be about time for the people to do something for their own town in an industrial way.

A whole lot of papers in this section have carried the heading within the last few days of "Epidemic of Crime in Johnsonburg." Where these papers got their license to print any such misinformation we do not understand, yet we are partially convinced of its source of birth. Well; you quill pushers just write it down there is no epidemic of crime in Johnsonburg, and we have about the livest and most prosperous town in northwestern Pennsylvania, and that will help some as the retraction you owe us.—Johnsonburg Press.

Miss L. H. Baker, of the McKean Democrat, made the following announcement last week: "Seventeen months of hard work, of anywhere from 9 to 15 hours out of every 24, makes it highly necessary that the present editor and manager of the Democrat have a large dose of that medicine called, rest, so, with this issue said person shall step out of the office, meet the neighbor, rest the body and continue with the editorial department. Another voice will greet you over the phone at the office, just as kindly, just as friendly and just as interested as the old manager." It is understood that W. Sherman Finch, late of the Mt. Jewett Herald, will now assume the editorship and management of the Democrat.

Cemetery lots are in great demand in the vicinity of Roaring Branch, Pa., according to a news dispatch. The lots are used for the purpose of burying John Barleycorn. It is in arid and liquorless localities that the sale of family lots is largely augmented. In vicinities where booze search and seizure officials are working, thirsty individuals conceived the idea of burying wet goods in cemetery caches, where they were not likely to be disturbed. One superintendent reported that a dashing young man purchased a burial lot and within a week buried eight relatives. The obsequies in each case were of the most simple order. Another tells of a regulation ceremony over an unusually weighty rough box and a fine tomb stone erected of the Angel Gabriel in bold relief with his "horn" ready to "toot." The nearest of kin visited the grave several times daily and it was noted that he was almost overcome with grief or something akin to it. An inquisitive sexton discovered that Gabriel's trumpet was a syphon pump connected with a copper pipe that in turn ran into the ground and connected up with the "remains" of the dear departed. The bereaved one's frequent visits to the "grave" were his undoing, as he became overcome with "grief" and the officers discovered his game.

It is noticed that the Review of Reviews is conducting a voting contest to find the sentiment of the American people in regard to the proposed league of nations. There are millions of busy Americans who have no more understanding of the real plans of the framers of this league than they have of the fourth dimension. "Wilson is framing up something so we won't have no more war. Yeh, that's a good thing, I'm for it." One can mentally visualize the thousands that will vote "yes" without the remotest idea of what they are voting for. Can they be brought to the understanding that under its proposed terms the independence that we fought for will be taken away from us? "Huh, revolutionary war stuff! Quadate. All this here Monroe doctrine, can't just explain what is is, but it's old stuff. Gotta have something new nowadays." This is no exaggeration. The quoted remarks are heard every day by henchmen of the more or less great Woodrow who is so intoxicated with the novelty of hob-nobbing with royalty that he just simply can't attend to the job to which he was elected. The proposed league of nations, in its present status simmers down just to this: The United States surrenders its right to act independently even for its own welfare. It has one voice in a council of nine to determine its OWN affairs when another nation is involved. This nation under the projosal could be forced into war with its very best friend among the nations. It means, simply, that the United States places itself in a yoke of European and Asiatic domination. Of course, Woodrow, the talker, can dance dialetic rings around this subject, but for a plain statement of facts the foregoing cannot be successfully contradicted.

The amendment to the daylight saving bill asked for by the farmers of the country was not acted upon before the close of Congress, consequently the law stands as last year and all clocks will be set ahead one hour at midnight March 23.

The McKean county bar loses a respected and brilliant member and the city of Kane a valuable and esteemed citizen in the death of William P. Weston, who passed away suddenly Tuesday evening of last week. He was 66 years old, a prominent figure in community affairs and president of the Kane Bank & Trust Co. He was widely known throughout the state and much sincere sorrow is expressed over the news of his sudden death. He had just returned from a business mission to New York when he was stricken with heart disease at his home. Mr. Weston had been a resident of Kane since 1879, when he was admitted to the McKean County Bar association. For a number of years he was interested in lumber and retained to his death oil holdings in the West Kane district.

"The people of Pennsylvania expect us to have a definite road-building policy. They expect us to do what we say we will do. On our part we promise nothing which we do not expect to accomplish, and we have a right to expect the united front on the part of the people throughout the state. We want the support of your people back home. The Highway Department does not have time to settle disputes between various sections as to the proper location for primary highways. While rival localities are settling disputes we must be busy building roads, and it may be that some districts may suffer through their inability to get together." This statement was made recently by Highway Commissioner Sadler to Norman C. Ball and Samuel Wilson of Clarion, who came to Harrisburg relative to roads in Clarion County.

With a clearness so far unequalled by no other man, Senator Knox of Pennsylvania points out the danger lurking in the so-called League of Nations, the sole fruit of Mr. Wilson's sojourn overseas.

The nation has need of Senator Knox at this moment.

Not much given to handrubbing when Europe proclaims "the inestimable and imperishable joy found in the generous comradeship of a reconciled America," he passes the sentiment for a later time. Instead he thinks profoundly, he attacks clearly and explicitly, and for the first time the American people have a complete analysis of the covenant, reduced to terms of wondrous simplicity.

After his exposition of the covenant the American who still tenders unreserved support of the League of Nations in its present form must countenance these major points:

(a) A union of the Big Five among nations.

(b) A small number of nations conferring upon themselves the power as an international tyranny to dominate a large number of national and tribal units.

(c) The right of this so-called coalition to call the United States into war against a nation for which we have but trust and devotion, and to fight for some nation we traditionally dislike and do not trust.

(d) The occasion to create a field for international politicians wherein our own representatives, more or less unskilled, must be pitted against the politicians of Europe made proficient by centuries of intensive training.

(e) The right of other nations to decide whether we may go to war.

(f) Our very national life to be governed by foreign powers even to the life and functions of the Monroe doctrine.

(g) The forfeiture of our right to ever again come to the rescue of smaller nations, the poor and oppressed, around which some of the most glorious chapters of American history have been written.

(h) The possibility of the existence of two great camps, the Big Five and the others, a constant invitation to another cataclysm such as the world has just witnessed.

It is true that President Wilson has intimated that the league movement in its present state "is not a complete instrument." It is inconceivable though, that any of the major features have been neglected. It is not believed, either, that any of its present features will be stricken out. The act of completion will consist only of the addition of such diplomatic phrases and wording as will give it a place among state papers.

The fact remains that America must accept these obnoxious conditions enumerated above or there can be no League of Nations.

In putting it squarely to the people of the nation Senator Knox has performed a service not surpassed by any political leader in many years. It even commands the thanks and approbation of many of his Democratic opponents.

It is neither the time nor the occasion for a man swayed by sentiment. It is rather the time and occasion for a man who can call this League of Nations plan as at present framed, precisely what it is, a forfeiture of American rights and independence, heritages handed down to us and promised our children.

This Senator Knox has done.—Buffalo Evening News.

New Spring Hats

Knox & Bonar

Get Yours Now

SPECIAL

DO NOT FORGET THE BASKETBALL GAME FRIDAY NIGHT—Smethport vs. Bradford.

H. W. Rubin & Son

PORT ALLEGANY.

Firemen's Convention Plans Now Occupy Attention—News Notes.

Humane Officer L. B. Post, of Bradford, came here Saturday to serve papers of juvenile court proceedings on a lad named Arnold Washburn, the petitioner claiming that the boy is in want of proper parental care. His father is dead and his mother is not the proper person to care for him, it is claimed. The boy has been placed in the custody of Mrs. Pendryce, of this place. The case will be presented to the judge at a session of Court, March 20th.

Work of arranging for the Elk-McKean Volunteer Firemen's Convention, which will be held here the last week in May, is proceeding steadily, and prospects are that the convention will be a huge success. A subscription paper for funds is being circulated among the business and professional men, and is meeting with a most liberal response.

A cablegram announces the safe arrival of the Misses Margaret and Mary Hilton at Brest, France, on the Leviathan to undertake Y. M. C. A. work. Their cousin, Miss Maud Hilton, who has visited here a number of times, is connected with Y. M. C. A. work in London, at a place where six hundred blind soldiers are stationed. Anna McCarey returned Saturday from a week's stay at State College, where she was a guest of Miss Emma Stratton.

H. R. Hilton went to Smethport Wednesday to attend the annual meeting of the McKean County Farm Bureau.

Capt. W. A. Ostrander was in town Wednesday enroute from Camp Zachery Taylor to Camp Dix.—Reporter.

ELDRED.

Will Construct a Park—His Mother Died—Highway News.

W. F. Burr has purchased the old Kervin glass factory and is planning to lay it out into a park. He has long had such a project on his mind and it looks as though it would mature. He plans to remove the building and debris, smooth the ground off as fast as possible, and enclose it all in a border of trees. He suggests letting citizens plant the trees as a namesake, and it looks as though what is an eyesore seems in prospect of becoming a thing of beauty. Its good work, let it go the limit.

E. A. Guenter, of Coryville, was called to Coudersport by the death of his mother, who passed away at her home in South Eulalia, Saturday, March 1, in the 78th year of her age. The funeral was held at the residence, Monday, at 11 o'clock a. m., Rev. Geo. P. Donehoo officiating, and interment made in Homer cemetery. She was born in Vienna, Austria, September 24, 1841.

Highway Commissioner Sadler has declared that there will be absolutely no deviation from the rule that no permanent paving will be put down in boroughs of Pennsylvania, so far as the state highway department is concerned, until every pipe or sewer connection is made on the thoroughfare to be improved. Pipe line on South Main street will have to be lowered, and sewers put in before the road will be touched for improvement.

Harrison Stull died at East Smethport, yesterday. C. M. Slack, of Eldred, went up to look after matters of the estate.

C. H. Heath was in town from Smethport, yesterday. He was going to Olean to see if he could buy a place there.

Ray Benard is home for good now, having received his discharge from the service last week Thursday.—Eagle.

ADVERTISEMENT OF LETTERS.

Estate of E. L. Perry, late of Sergeant Township, McKean County, deceased. Letters testamentary upon the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims against the same will present them for payment; duly authenticated; and those indebted thereto will please make immediate payment to,

Grant Perry, Executor.
at Bloomster Hollow, McKean County Pa.
John N. Apple, Attorney.
February 15, 1919. adv.

GET YOUR FALL FOOTWEAR

Dress your feet for the muddy, sloppy, cold days. We have footwear for the whole family, including rubber goods.

WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

At Lindholm's
SPECIAL SATURDAY ONLY

Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles—3 pkgs for 25c

We have a full line of salt fish, salmon, mackerel, ciscoes and herring at a bargain. All kinds of canned fish on hand. Come and take advantage of these bargains.

The Lindholm Grocery,
Telephone 16-M.
CASH GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture, the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

HIGH-GRADE LUMBER

AND PLENTY OF IT

is awaiting the disposal of all who are building or intending to build, at our yards. Come and look over our stock and convince yourself that we have just the stuff you need—and that we can supply promptly, every kind of hard and soft wood needed to erect any style of buildig from cellar to roof.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport.

Include soap in your next order, when you can get such values as we offer:

White Flyer .....5c cake
Lenox Soap .....5c cake
Oak Leaf Soap .....5c cake
Pearl—White Floating .....5c cake
Export Borax .....6c cake
Sweet Heart—Toilet Soap .....4 for 25c

Get our prices on
P & G and Fels Naptha Soap

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

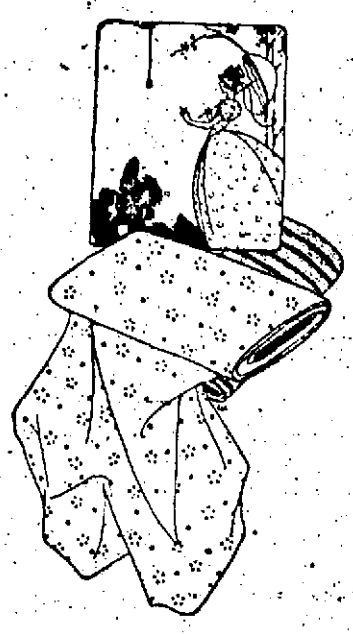
ALWAYS FIND 'EM HERE

The finest and most complete lines of Soap, Perfumes and Toilet Articles in town.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

H. C. WELLS
Drug Store.

The Miner $2 Per Year



An Unusual Display of New Wash Goods and Silk

The Very Cream of new design and material

Your inspection is requested

Masser Brothers Co.

THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE-134

BROOMS

When you have to pay the high prices that you are obliged to today for brooms, you want something that is going to give good returns for your money. This you get in our

SEAL BRAND

Carpet Brooms. Made from selected corn, 4 row, sewed, with extra quality handles.

Guaranteed to please the most exacting customer. Price $1.25.

Other qualities at 95c, $1.10 and $1.15.

Cheaper Grades at 60c

Floor Brushes 85c and $1.00.

Wall Brushes at 75c.

Come in and look at them. They are in our window.

"The Corner Hardware."

B. T. GARLICK

Day Dreams

Day Dreams may come true if one remains Wide Awake most of the time and hustles.

There are many factors that go to make up success. Some are elements within ourselves, some are quite outside and largely beyond our control, but almost everyone can cultivate determination, and that is the first essential to success in saving and getting ahead. Save through our bank.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday March 13,

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See change in advertisement of Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

—B. T. Garlick has a change of advertisement in to-day's Miner.

—Fry & Comes have an interesting change of advertisement in another column.

—Eugene McCann, of Bradford, the efficient pure food inspector for this district, spent last night in Smethport.

—The Awa-Wee Camp Fire donated $8.75 to the Red Cross. The money was raised by the girls making and selling knitting bags.

—Frank Potter was a Kane visitor yesterday.

—Paul Crossman was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

—Miss Margaret Sartwell left today for a visit in Buffalo.

—Dr. A. R. Stewart of Bradford was in town Monday to register his diploma as Doctor of Optics.

—The Masser Bros. Co. has a new and interesting advertisement today.

—E. T. Daly killed two spring pigs on Monday of this week thatbrought him $84.96. Some pigs.

—C. S. King of Port Allegany was a Smethport business visitor yesterday.

—Mrs. A. M. Thamm of Bradford spen the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Abbey at Tast Smethport.

—The wide circle of friends of Mrs. B. T. Garlick will be gratified to learn that that popular lady after a most critical illness during the past seven weeks is now improving steadily.

—B. F. Starsky is a Buffalo visitor this week.

—Mrs. F. D. Gallup was a Bradford visitor Tuesday.

—Mrs. Sue E. Burdick is an Olean visitor this week.

—Miss Eva Hoffman was a Bradford visitor Tuesday.

—Mrs. Margaret Regan of Reilly Hollow is a guest at the home of Mrs. E. T. Daly.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Backus spent the week end in Olean, guests of Mr and Mrs. F. W. Backus.

—Mrs. Ingram was called to Buffalo this week on account of the serious illness of her sister.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Comes at their home in Keating township, March 6, 1919, a daughter.

—Mrs. S. P. Redfield has returned from Syracuse, N. Y., where she had been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Larned.

—Mrs. Walter Brennaman who has been in Youngstown, Ohio for the past two weeks returned to Smethport Wednesday evening.

—Mrs. J. B. Roeder and Mrs. Martha Beckwith spent the week-end with Mrs. Roeder's sister, Mrs. Myrtle Wright at Eldred.

—The Rev. Arthur Gregson addressed meetings at Betula and Crosby on behalf of the Centenary Movement, Monday and Tuesday of this week.

—Mrs. H. L. Backus received word yesterday that her father, F. J. Shattuck, was seriously ill at his home in Linesville, Pa., suffering from pleuro pneumonia.

—Miss Margaret Sartwell who is attending business college in Warren has been a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Sartwell of this borough this week.

—Will the ladies of Smethport kindly come to the Red Cross workrooms and sew? If you cannot come to the rooms and work call and take work home, as it is very urgent.

—Reference is directed to the announcement on page eight of the big auction sale of the farm of W. H. Swort, near Farmers Valley which will be held Wednesday, March 26.

—A large force of men have been started on the work of making extensive repairs to the plant of the Smethport Window Glass Co., preparatory to the resumption of operations for the summer season.

—Jas. Chisholm who is employed in Bradford, playing string bass in the splendid Lyceum Theater orchestra, that city, spent Monday with his family in this borough. The many friends of this clever musician are glad to learn that he is making good in his new position and likes the oil metropolis.

—You are reminded of the Centenary meetings in the M. E. church, Thursday afternoon and evening. Sessions at 3 p. m. and 7: 30 p. m. The Centenary is Methodism's response to the challenge of the present crisis. All who are interested in the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth hartily invited. A capable team of speakers will be present. You are sure to be inspired. This event is today.

—Holmes & Gilhllan within the next few weeks will haul about 15,000 logs to the sawmill of their large manufacturing plant in this borough This is the largest consignment of logs these enterprising business men have ever received and consequently the coming season will be the busiest one in the history of their sawmill and will be a material boost to the industrial situation in Smethport during the coming months.

—The pulling power of the Cleveland tractor, of which the Smethport Garage Co. are selling agents for this section, was splendidly demonstrated Sunday night, when one of these powerful little machines hauled the steam fire engine and a heavy hose wagon through the deep mud of East street, impassible for horse-drawn loads of any weight, and perfomed the seemingly impossible feat without any apparent effort.

Great interest has been aroused by the announcement of the big auction sale of the Southerview dairy farm near Farmers Valley, owned by the A. S. Armstrong estate of this borough, which will occur to-morrow, Friday, March 14, on the premises. This is one of the finest and most up-to-date farms in this section of the State and a large crowd will undoubtedly attend the sale, which will be one of the largest ever held in this section.

—A deal has been closed in this borough by which Harry German, of Crosby purchased from John Waite, formerly of Smethport, but now of Beaver Falls, Pa., the latter's residence and real estate on King street, now rented by County Treasurer Frank Potter. The new owner is to be congratulated on acquiring this fine property as it is one of the most handsome and desirable residences in Smethport. The Miner understands that Mr German, who is connected with the Norwich Chemical Co. will move his family to Smethport and make their future home here. This estimable family have a wide circle of friends in this borough, all of whom will be delighted to welcome them as residents of Smethport.

—Mrs. C. D. Fisher was an Olean visitor Tuesday.

—Miss Gladys Bray was an Olean visitor last Saturday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Green were Olean visitors Tuesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Workley were Bradford visitors Friday.

—J. B. Eastman was a Bradford business visitor last Friday.

—Elisha K. Kane of Kushequa was a business caller in town Friday.

—Mrs. Lester DeShelter of Hazelhurst was a Smethport visitor Tuesday.

—C. S. King of Port Allegany was a Smethport business visitor last Thursday.

—Why worry about the high cost of living? Read Monheimer's ad. in to-day's Miner.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Gaffney spent the latter part of last week with relatives in Bradford.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Farnham returned yesterday from a weeks stay at their home in Buffalo, N. Y.

—Miss Grace Olmstead who is attending Westbrook's academy in Olean spent Sunday at her home in this borough.

—Miss Alice Irons will leave tomorrow for Kane where she will be a guest of Miss Laura Faulman for a few days.

—Mrs. S. D. Metzgar spent the week-end in Bolivar, N. Y., with her husband and son, S. D. Metzgar and Harry Metzgar.

—Thos. C. Morrison of Emporium, recently discharged from the U. S. army, who has been visiting his aunt, Mrs. R. P. Yerdon returned home Monday.

—Paul Green of Belmont, N. Y., spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Green and family.

—Miss Charlotte Bosworth has returned from New York where she successfully passed her examinations giving her a diploma for kindergarten work.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Braden returned to their home in Clarington, Pa., last Friday. Mrs. Braden had been staying with her mother Mrs. J. C. Cunningham for the past three weeks.

—Lincoln Green of this borough who is starting a large scientific potato farming venture on Perce brook has purchased a powerful Mule tractor which will be used in tilling his large acreage at that point.

—Miss Ellen Anderson entertained the Cononada Camp Fire Girls and their guardian, Miss Carrie A. Day, Tuesday evening at her home on East Main street. Light refreshments were served by Miss Anderson.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells returned Friday from Cincinatti, where they had been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Irma Cathers who was suffering with influenza. She is relovering. Mr. and Mrs. Wells suffered attacks of that malady while in Cincinatti where 8000 people were reported ill with the disease on one day.

MILLINERY FOR ALL.

Always find something here that pleases. The season's choicest offerings or the "emergency" hat that must be secured in a short time. We cordially welcome you at any time and are every ready to fill your desires in the line of seasonable millinery. CARRIE CLARK.

advtf.

An Extraordinary SALE

OF MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS

At 65 Cents

These Shirts are cut and made in the right sizes, of percale and madras, in new patterns and colorings and worth ONE DOLLAR, but this week you can buy one at

65c

Sizes 14 to 17

DONT FORGET YOUR

Easter Suit

Made to Your Measure

at $21.50 to $24.50

Wm. Monheimer

Smethport

Pictorial Patterns Arrow Collars.

THE FRY COMPANY

GOLDSEAL ART CARPET

The Ideal Floor Covering.

The final test of any floor covering is its service on the floor. And that is where Congoleum wins. Thousands of house-wives have proved to their own satisfaction that Congoleum is the best value to be found anywhere

First—Absolutely sanitary, no dust collecting absorbent surface.

Second—Easy to clean—the beautiful patterns can be kept bright by simply using a damp mop.

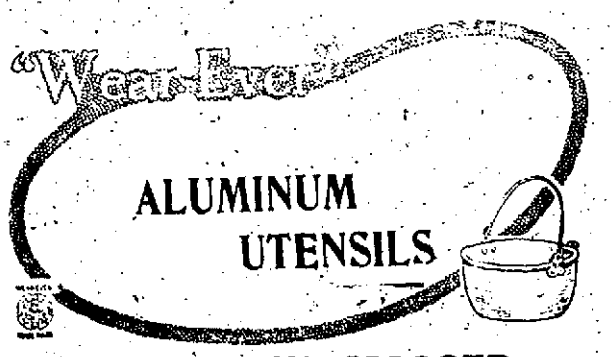
Third—More durable than other printed floor coverings.

Forth—Most economical floor-covering you can buy. 2 yards wide at $1.00 sq. yr.

9x12 Congoleum Art Rugs	$16.50
9x9 Congoleum Art Rugs	$12.00
72x9 Congoleum Art Rugs	$10.50
6x9 Congoleum Art Rugs	$9.00

HIGH COST OF LIVING IS REDUCED

BY WEAR EVER ALUMINUM UTENSILS.



CHAS. W. MASSER

Hardware

EVIDENCE

The best evidence of our excellent banking service is our continually growing list of satisfied patrons.

We are prepared to handle more business and should be pleased to add your name to our list.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company

Smethport, Pennsylvania

SIX ROSES and SIX GLADIOLI

and a Year's Subscription to Modern Priscilla for only

1.65

Order Through Mrs. H. L. BACKUS

PET PEEVES OF PREACHERS

Men of the Cloth Have Their Troubles, Just as Have Their Lower-Placed Brethren.

I have met a number of types in my ministerial meanderings. Let me quote you a few:

Those hard-headed gentlemen who call upon me to "display my backbone" by giving them my active support in their pet quarrels.

The backsliding member who fears lest I be not religious-minded enough for his people.

The loud and insistent propagandist who thinks I am insincere because I do not shout our common beliefs from every street corner.

The man who never attends a service, who wonders if my sermons are up to the mark.

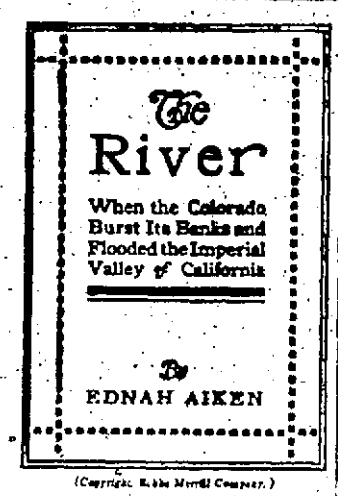
The person who sees me only during meals, and who therefore assumes that I have nothing to do but eat.

The insinuating critic but severely *dresser*, who objects to the shape of my shoe and the length of my coat.

Those who believe they have the *right to give me orders*, on the ground that they supply some of the money that *pays my salary*.

The mothers who think it undignified of me to seat myself near girls other than their own daughters.

The near-flatterer who thinks my sermons good and wonders where I got them.—Indianapolis Star.



(Copyright, Edna Merrill Compton.)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—K. C. Rickard, an engineer of the Overland Pacific, is called to the office of President Marshall in Tucson, Ariz. "Casey" is an enigma to the office force; he wears "dude" clothes, but he had resigned a chair of engineering in the East to go on the road as a fireman and his promotion had been spectacular. While waiting for Marshall Rickard reads a report on the ravages of the Colorado, despite the efforts of Thomas Hardin of the Desert Reclamation company. This Hardin had been a student under Rickard and had married Gerty Holmes, with whom Rickard had fancied he was in love.

CHAPTER II—Marshall tells Rickard the Overland Pacific has got to step in to save the Imperial Valley and sends him to the break. Rickard declines because he does not want to supplant Hardin, but is won over. "Stop the river, damn the expense," says Marshall.

CHAPTER III—Rickard journeys to Calexico, sees the irrigated desert and learns much about Hardin and his work.

CHAPTER IV—At the hotel he meets Mr. and Mrs. Hardin and Jane Hardin, Hardin's half sister. Disappointed in her husband and are incorrigible coquette, Mrs. Hardin sets her cap for her former lover and invites him to dinner.

CHAPTER V—Rickard visits the company's offices and takes control. He finds the engineers loyal to Hardin and hostile to him. Estrada, a Mexican, son of the "Father of the Imperial Valley," tells him of the general situation.

"What provision is being made for the new general manager?"

The question, aimed carelessly, hit the auditor.

"They are not talking of filling the position just yet," he responded. "There is no need at present. The work is going along nicely, better, I might say, adjusted as it now is, than it did before."

"I heard that they had sent a man from the Tucson office to report to Mr. Marshall."

"Did you hear his name?" stammered Ogilvie.

"Rickard."

The auditor recovered himself. "I would have heard of it were it true. I am in close touch with the Los Angeles office."

"It is true."

"How do you know?" Ogilvie's dismay was too sudden; the flabby facial muscles betrayed him.

"I'm Rickard." The new general manager took the swivel chair behind the flat-top desk. "Sit down. I'd like to have a talk with you."

"If you will excuse me,"—Ogilvie's bluff was as anemic as his crushed appearance. "I—I am busy this morning. Might I—trouble you—for a few minutes? My papers are in the desk."

Rickard now knew his man to the shallow depths of his white-corpuscled soul. "If I won't be in your way I'll hang around here. I've the day to kill."

His sarcasm was lost in transit. Ogilvie said that Mr. Rickard would not be in his way. He would move his papers into the next room tomorrow.

The engineer moved to the French windows that opened on the alfalfa lawn. A vigorous growth of willows marked the course of New river which had cut so perilously near the towns. A letter "S," picked out in quick river vegetation, told the story of the flood. The old channel—there it was, the curved arm of the "S," one could tell that by the tall willows—had been too fortuitous, too slow for those sweeping waters. The flow had divided, cutting the stem of the letter carrying the flood waters swifter down grade. The flow had divided—but divided perhaps the danger too. An idea in that! He would see that better from the water tower he'd spied at entering. Another flood, *and a gamble whether Mexicali or Calexico would get the worst of it.* Unless one was ready. A level west of the American town!

"Excuse me, sir—do you need me?" He turned back into the room. He could see that MacLean was aching to get out of the room. Ogilvie had visibly withered. A blight seemed to fall on him as his white, blue-veined fingers made a bluff among his papers.

"Thank you." Rickard nodded at MacLean, who burst into the outer office.

"It's the new general manager from Tucson—Rickard's his name." His whisper ran around the walls of the room where other arrivals were tilting their chairs. "The new general manager! Ogilvie wrozzled for nothing. You should have seen his face."

"Did anyone know that he was coming?" Schutt, the turned giant, spoke.

"That's Marshall all over," said Wooster, bright-eyed and wiry, removing his pipe. "He likes to move in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. (I used to sing that when I was a kid!) No announcement. Simply, 'Enter Rickard.'"

"More like this," said Silent. "Exit Hardin. Enter Ogilvie. Enter Rickard."

"And exit Ogilvie," cried MacLean.

"It's a—d——d shame," burst out Wooster. No one asked him what he meant. Every man in the room was thinking of Hardin, whose shadow this reclamation work was.

"What's Rickard doing?" asked the infantile Hercules at the checkerboard. The force called him Pete, which was a short cut to Frederick Augustus Rodefeldt.

"Taking Ogilvie's measure"—this from MacLean.

"Then he's doing something else by this time. That wouldn't take him five minutes unless he's a gull," snapped Wooster, who hated Ogilvie as a rat does a snake.

The door opened and Rickard came in. Almost simultaneously the outer door opened to admit Hardin. Who would introduce the new general manager to the dismissed one? The thought flashed from MacLean to Schutt, to the telegraph operator, Rodefeldt bowed over the checkerboard, pretending not to see them. Confusion, embarrassment was on every face. Nobody spoke. Hardin was coming closer.

"Hello, Hardin."

"Hello, Rickard."

It appeared friendly enough to the surprised office. Both men were glad that it was over.

"Nice offices," remarked Hardin, his legs outspread, his hands in his pockets.

"Ogilvie is satisfied with them." The new manager avoided the laugh.

"Finding the dust pretty tough?" inquired Hardin.

"I spent a month in San Francisco last summer?" was the rejoinder. "This is a haven, though—from the street. Thought I'd beat for today." Was Hardin going to do the right thing, introduce him as the new chief to his subordinates? Nothing, it developed, was further from his intention. Hardin, his legs outstretched, kept before his face the blank, impenetrable smile of the oriental. It was clearly not Rickard's move. The checker players fidgeted. Rickard's silence was interrogative. Hardin still smiled.

The outer door opened.

The newcomer, evidently a favorite, walked into a noisy welcome, the "boys" embarrassment overdoing it. He was of middle height, slender—a Mexican with Castilian ancestry written in his high-bred features, his grace and his straight, dark hair.

"Good morning, Estrada," said Hardin with the same meaningless smile.

"Good morning, gentlemen." The Mexican's greeting paused at Rickard.

"Mr. Estrada, Mr. Rickard."

Everyone in the office saw Hardin sank his other opportunity. He had betrayed to everyone his deep hurt, his raw wound. When he had stepped down, under cover of a resignation, he had saved his face by telling everyone that a reorganization with Maitland, one of the directors of the reorganized company, had made it impossible for them to serve together, *and that Maitland's wealth and importance to the company demanded his own ——.* Two months before Richard's arrival Maitland had been discovered dead in his bath in a Los Angeles hotel. Though no one had been witless enough to speak of their hope to Hardin, he knew that all his force was daily expecting his reinstatement. Rickard's entrance was another stab to their chief.

"The son of the general?" The new manager held out his hand. "General Estrada, friend of Mexican liberty, founder of steamship companies and father of the Imperial valley?"

"That makes me a brother of the valley"—Estrada's smile was genial and sweet.

Estrada looked at Hardin, hesitated, then passed on to the checker players and addressed MacLean:

"I saw your father in Los Angeles. He has been chosen to succeed the vacancy made by Maitland's death."

MacLean's eyes wavered toward Hardin, whose mouth never had *not* faltered. Had he not heard, or did he know, already?

"I'd like to have a meeting, a conference, tomorrow morning." Rickard was speaking. "Mr. Hardin, will you set the hour at your convenience?"

Because it was so kindly done, Hardin showed his first resentment. "It will not be possible for me to be there. I'm going to Los Angeles in the morning." He turned and left the office, Estrada following him.

"Oh, Mr. Hardin, you mustn't take it that way," he expostulated, concern in each sensitive feature.

"I'll take orders from him, but he gave me none," crowed Hardin. "It's not what you think—I'm not sore. But I don't like him. He's a fancy dude. He's not the man for this job."

"Then you knew him before?" It was a surprise to Estrada.

"At college. He was my—er—instructor. Marshall found him in the classroom. A theory slinger."

Estrada's thoughtful glance rested on the angry face. Was this genuine, or did not Hardin know of the years Rickard had served on the road; of *the job in the heat-baked barrancas* of Mexico, where Marshall had found him? *But he would not try again to* persuade Hardin to give up his trip to Los Angeles. It might be better, after all, for the new manager to take charge with his predecessor out of the way.

"MacLean's coming down tonight," he threw out, still watching Hardin's face. "With Babcock."

"I won't be missed." If Rickard's mark was bitter. "Estrada, if I had the sense of a goat I'd sell out, sell my stock to MacLean and quit. What's *in all this for me? Does anyone doubt* my reason for staying? It would be like leaving a sinking ship, like deserting the passengers and crew one had brought on board. God! I'd like to go! But how can I? I've got hold of the tail of the bear and I can't let go!"

"No one doubts you—" began Estrada. Hardin turned away, with an

Hardin Turned Away With an Ugly Oath.

ugly oath. The Mexican stood watching his stumbling anger. "Poor Hardin!"

In the office Rickard was speaking to MacLean, whom he had drawn to one side, out of earshot of the checker players.

"I want you to do something for me, not at all agreeable!" His tone implied that the boy was not given the chance to beg off. "What time does the train pull out in the morning?"

"Six-fifteen."

"I'll have a letter for you at the hotel at six. Be on time. I want to catch Hardin before he leaves for Los Angeles—if he's really going. I'll give him today to think it over. But he can't disregard an order as he did my invitation. I didn't want to rub it in before the men."

MacLean stared, then said that he thought he was not likely to!

Rickard left the office in time to see Hardin shutting the outer gate behind him. His exit released a chorus *of indignant voices.*

"An outrage!"

"A d——d shame!" This *from* Wooster.

"Hardin's luck!"

On the other side of the door Rickard deliberated. The hotel and its curious loungers, or his new office, where Ogilvie was making a great show of occupation. He had not seen Estrada. He was making a sudden dive for big hotel *when the gentle voice of the* Mexican hailed him.

"Will you come to my car? It's on the siding right here. We can have a little lunch and then look over some maps together. I have some pictures of the river and the gate. They may be new to you."

Rickard spent the afternoon in the car. The twin towns did not seem so hostile. He thought he might like the Mexicans.

"Estrada was earning his father's mantle. He was the superintendent of the road which the Overland Pacific was building between the twin towns and the Crossing; a director of the Desert Reclamation company, and the head of a small subsidiary company which had been created to protect rights and keep harmonious relation with the sister country. Rickard found him full of meat, and heard, for the first time consecutively, the story of the rakish river. Particularly did he rest to him was the relation of Hardin to the company.

"He has the bad luck, that man!" exclaimed Estrada's soft, musical voice. "Everything is in his hands, capital is promised, and he goes to New York to have the papers drawn up. The day he gets there the Maine is destroyed. Of course capital is shy. He's had the devil's own luck with men; Gifford, honest but mulish; Sather, mulish and not honest—oh, there's a string of them. Once he went to Hermosillo to get an option on *my father's lands.* They were already covered by an option held by some *men in Scotland.* Another man would have waited for the three months to pass. Not Hardin. He went to Scotland, thought he'd interest those men with his maps and papers. He owned all the data then. He'd made the survey."

Estrada repeated the story Brandon and Marshall had told, with little discrepancy. A friendly refrain followed the narrative. "He has the bad luck, *that man!*"

"And the Scotched option?" reminded Rickard, smiling at his own poor joke.

"It was just that. A case of Hardin luck again. He stopped off in London to interest some capital there; following up a lead developed on the steamer. He was never a man to neglect a chance. Nothing came of it, though, and when he reached Glasgow he found his man had died two days before—been killed. I've forgotten which. Three times Hardin's crossed the ocean trying to corner the option only he thought he had found. It isn't laziness, is his trouble. It's just infernal luck."

"Or over-eagerness, or precipitation," criticized his listener to himself. He knew now what it was that had so changed Hardin. A man cannot travel, even though he be hounding down a quick scent, without meeting strong influences. He had been thrown with hard men, strong men. It was an inevitable chiseling, not a mirage.

"I want to hear more of this some day. But this map; I don't understand what you told me of this by-pass, Mr. Estrada."

Their heads were still bending over Estrada's rough work bench when the Japanese cook announced that dinner was waiting in the adjoining car. MacLean and Rodefeldt and several young engineers joined them.

It had been outwardly a wasted day. Rickard had lounged, socially and physically. But *before* he turned in that night he had learned the names and dispositions of his force, and some of their prejudices. Nothing he summed up, could be guessed from the rudeness of the Mexican's manner; Wooster's antagonism was open and snappish. Silent was to be watched, and Hardin had already shown his hand.

The river, as he thought of it, appeared the least formidable of his opponents. He was judging it as a high-*spirited horse, maddened by the fumbling* of its would-be captors. His task it was to lasso the proud stallion, lead it in bridled to the sterile land. No wonder Hardin was sore; his noose had slipped off one time too many! Hardin's luck!

CHAPTER VI.

Red Tape.

At ten o'clock the next morning Hardin, entering the office, again the general manager's, found there before him George MacLean, the new director, and Percy Babcock, the treasurer, who had been put in by the Overland Pacific when the old company was reorganized. They had just come in from Los Angeles, the trip made in MacLean's private car, to attend a director's meeting.

Rickard entered a few minutes later, Estrada behind him. Ogilvie followed Rickard to his desk.

"Well?" inquired the new manager.

Ogilvie explained lengthily that he had the minutes of the last meeting.

"Leave them here." Rickard waved him toward Estrada, who held out his hand for the papers.

Reluctantly, the accountant relinquished the papers. His retreating coattails looked ludicrously whipped but no one laughed. Hardin's scowl deepened.

"Showing his power," he thought. "He's going to call for a new pack."

Estrada pushed the minutes through with but a few unimportant interruptions. He was sitting at the same desk with Rickard. Hardin, sensitive and sullen, thought he saw the meeting managed between them.

Several times he attempted to bring the tangled affairs of the water companies before the directors. Rickard would not discuss the water companies.

"Because he's not posted! He's beginning to see what he's up against," ran Hardin's stormy thoughts.

He was on his feet the next minute with a motion to complete the Hardin headgate. Violently he declaimed to Babcock and MacLean his wrongs, the injustice that had been done him. Marshall had let that fellow Maitland convince him that the gate was not practicable; had it not been for him the gate would be in place now; all this *time and money saved. And the Mait*land dam, built instead! Where was it? Where was the money, the time, put in that little toy? Sickening! His face purpled over the memory. Why was he allowed to begin again with the gate? "Answer me that. Why was I allowed to begin again? It's all child's play, that's what it is. And when I am in it again up to my neck he pulls me off!"

—This was the real Hardin, the uncouth, overaged Lawrence student! The new manner was just a veneer. Rickard had been expecting it to wear thin.

"I think," interjected Rickard, "that we all agree with Mr. Marshall, Mr. Hardin, that a wooden headgate on silt foundation could never be more than a makeshift. I understood that the first day he visited the river with you he had the idea to put the ultimate gate, the gate which would control the water supply of the valley, up at the Crossing on rock foundation. Mr. Marshall does not expect to finish that in time to be of first use. He hopes the wooden gate *will* solve the immediate problem. It was a case of any port in a storm. He has asked me to report my opinion."

"Why doesn't he give me a chance to go ahead then?" growled the deposed manager. "Instead of letting the intake widen until it will be an impossibility to confine the river there at all?"

"So you do think that it will be an impossibility to complete the gate as planned?"

Hardin had run too fast. "I didn't mean that," he stammered. "I mean it will be difficult if we are delayed much longer."

"Have you the force to re-begin work at once?" demanded Rickard.

"I had it," evaded Hardin. "I had everything ready to go on—men, material—when we stopped the last time."

"Answer my question, please."

"I should have to assemble them again," admitted Hardin sullenly.

Rickard consulted his notebook. "I think we've covered everything. Now I want to propose the laying of a spur track from Hamlin's Junction to the Heading." His manner cleared the

(Continued next week.)

The Social Fabric.

To uphold the social system women submit to unbounded tests of their constancy. They endure physical discomfort, ennui, the peril of cold drafts and damp places, hours of weariness and moments of acute annoyance for the sake of what, to a man, is an unimportant social matter. And even though at times she feels that it would matter little if the whole social scheme of things should perish—and that instantly with fire and bloodshed if need be—rather than require so much of her, she stands to her colors.

Warm Though Far North.

It is difficult to realize, but it is none the less true, that the Murman coast of Russia is as far north as King William Land, where Sir John Franklin and his men abandoned the Erebus and the Terror. But the Gulf stream makes all the climatic difference. For that reason it is possible for Quebec to be much further south than London, and New York to be on the parallels of latitude of Spain and yet have winters of great severity.—Christian Science Monitor.

Flower Friends.

Flowers cost so little and they mean so much. We need not go to fashionable florists for our messengers. One rose bought from a tray on the street may mean more than the handsomest design on Fifth avenue. It is *those little things, those beautiful* personal expressions, that make our flowers worth while. But they must have a message or they cannot deliver it. Remember that.—New York Telegram.

Unnecessary Risk.

"Brother Philander," said I to our head deacon the other day, "don't you believe a man can get to heaven without even dropping a cent into the contribution box?" "I suppose so," answered old Philander, "and when you are sick with typhoid fever or any other disease you can doctor yourself. You are taking the chances."—Osborne Farmer.

Egyptian "Kissar."

The kissar is one of the most ancient of Egyptian instruments. It is found represented in monuments antedating the birth of Christ by 2,000 years. It consists of a circular body with a large triangular frame above, from the cross-bar of which five strings pass to the bottom of the frame. It is tuned to the pentatonic scale.

Some Job.

For the first time in 50 years an election is shortly to be held in the London Guildhall for the post of "city aleconner." The position carries a good salary but apparently no particular duties. The "aleconner" was originally an officer who inspected and tested any new brands of ale.

Ogilvie's Dismay Was Too Sudden.

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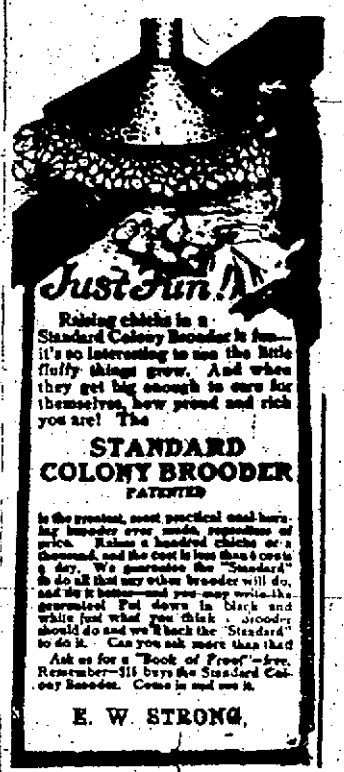

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E. W. STRONG,

HOW DOCKS ARE STERILIZED

Simple Apparatus Used by French Scientists in Conducting Their Deadly Gas Attack.

Almost the first thing to meet the eyes of French hygienists in their war time campaign for protecting the younger generation was their old enemy, the circulating book, well known as a carrier of disease. The many obvious solutions of the problem shared one disadvantage while killing the germs they destroyed the book also.

For the method perfected by Doctor Marsoulan, and now practiced in the Institute for Wounded and Infirm Workmen at Montreuil, it is claimed that for one-fourth of a cent for each book, and with safety to operators, books can be sterilized without the slightest injury. Two pieces of very simple apparatus are used, a heater and a disinfector.

The heater is a long box open at one end and communicating at the other with an ordinary stove. Inside of the heater are wooden rods so arranged that the turning of a handle will cause them to strike on the books placed on a sliding frame. As the rods beat the books, the heavier particles of dust fall out into a tray of disinfectant below, and the lighter are carried by an exhaust fan to a stove, where they are burned.

The books are hung, open, by spring clips from a skeleton framework, and wheeled into the disinfecting chamber, which is equipped with a tank containing a solution of formaldehyde. The temperature is raised to 120 degrees Fahrenheit, the formaldehyde kills the germs, and the fumes are carried off by a funnel.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

NOTE INCREASE OF RABIES

Recrudescence of Dread Disease Declared to Be a Direct Result of the War.

Among the plagues to follow the great war, rabies must be reckoned with. Already it has reappeared in England, while from the very beginning of hostilities, was apparent in Belgium. Before the struggle began Belgium and the districts deemed to be occupied in northern France swarmed with dogs, and rabies was sufficiently common. This abundance was due in part to the extensive use of the dog as a draught animal in close localities. After the invasion these animals moved westward in large numbers. They appeared to breed as usual and were under little or no police supervision, although conditions for suppressing the plague were most favorable. Rabies showed an increase from the North sea to Switzerland, and was carried far into the interior of France. Here police protection was as good as absent. The type too is virulent as shown by the short incubation period. Lemoir, who writes to the above effect in a health bulletin abstracted in the Journal de Medecine et de Chirurgie Pratique, was the officer in charge of an anti-rabies campaign, which suppressed the disease in South Africa in 1902.

Hard to Find Good in Crow.

About as omnivorous as anything could well be, crows eat dead animals and are dreaded agents in the spreading of diseases such as hog cholera, foot-and-mouth disease and glanders. Insatiable egg eaters, they scour the fields, hedge rows, thickets and orchards for nests of birds and even for eggs of the barnyard fowls. They displayed, I well remember, almost human intelligence in watching our turkey hens to their nests, and then waiting on some nearby fence stake or dead tree top for the eggs. They follow the wild ducks to their nesting grounds in the far north to feast on the eggs and young. Prairie chickens suffer severely from their depredations and the pheasant preserves are the frequent victims of their marauding habits.—Exchange.

Butter From Coconut Milk.

Butter is churned from coconut milk as from cow's milk. According to a British patent of late date the milk is completely extracted by crushing the fresh kernel of the coconut to a paste with the addition of skimmed coconut milk from a later stage. The cellulose is then separated in a filter press, and the resinous matter is removed in a centrifugal separator. The cream is then collected from the purified milk in a centrifugal cream separator. The separated cream is pasteurized, subjected to a lactic fermentation, churned into butter, and this is washed with water. Albumen or vegetable casein is precipitated from the skimmed coconut milk by heat and powdered gypsum, and is collected, washed, pressed and dried.

Sapphire Is New Fashion Gem.

That person who wishes to be in it, to use the English equivalent for the French phrase, will wear sapphires. Such is the edict of fashion, the reason for this is that it has been comparatively easy to imitate the ruby, hitherto enthroned as the show gem. Another probably is that the sapphire has been somewhat neglected and it is prudent to get rid of accumulated stock.

Small Coinage Doubles.

During last year the coinage of pieces under $1 (in value was 71,000,000, or nearly double the coinage of 1917, and approximately five times the coinage of 1916. The coinage of pennies reached $4,456,282, and there were more than $4,000,000 in nickels, the remainder being half dollars, quarters and dimes.—Utica Press.

WAS THERE WITH THE RAZOR

Colored United States Soldier Made Short Work of Hun and His Trench Knife.

How a negro soldier met a stray German prowling about a piece of woods was related by one of the colored troops from New York, on his return to that city. The German had lost his gun and revolver and was armed only with a trench knife. The negro, a resident of Tenth avenue, looked him over, dropped his own gun and bayonet and revolver, and took a long, wicked razor from his boot.

"Now, you ill Hun boy," said the American soldier, "now you and me's a'gwine to fight fair and square. I'se a-going' to carve you! Here goes! Wif yo's knife and mn knife we's fightin' even."

The German grasped his knife and waited for the negro, who crept upon him like some savage from the African jungles, his eyeballs gleaming in his black face, his splendid teeth glistening like a tiger's. There was a flash of steel, a grunting, a swish of knives in the air and the German reeled back, his face gashed and gashed again. Again the negro crept up, laughing. Again there was the flash of steel, and again the German reeled, blinded with the blood streaming into his eyes. The third time the negro actually half severed the Hun's head from his trunk with one wide, glittering sweep of the razor.

SQUABBLE OVER CITY WALLS

People of Canton, China, Divided Over Question Which the Progressives Have Put Forward.

There's a "tempest in a teapot," and a China teapot at that, over the proposal in Canton, China, to take down the ancient city walls. "Shades of our ancestors," say some of the Cantonese, "it is a sacrilege. It is an evil plan inspired by foreign devils. Never has it been done. Never shall it be. If our forefathers gave along with city walls, so should we."

Such feeling against removal of the walls is expressed in the form of a protest by some of the members of the Merchants' guild to the civil governor, according to the Canton Times, which is for the removal of the walls "on account of the congestion of population and of facilitating communications in the city," and because "public health demands wider roads and more air for the people."

After admitting that the protest is based on the "grounds that demolition of houses along the walls would deprive hundreds of thousands of their livelihood," the Times, with true Oriental indifference as to the effect of such treatment on said gentry, says: "If the gentry think otherwise they should be dumped into the river."

The Mansfield Collection.

Mrs. Richard Mansfield has given to the National museum at Washington, and it has been arranged in eight cases for exhibition, the costumes, armor, jewels, and other articles of dress that her husband wore upon the stage in his many parts. Mansfield was exacting about the historical accuracy of his costumes, where it was possible, as well as about the quality of the stuffs and the fashions in which they were made. Hence the collection has a certain value apart from associations with him and with the American theater. It includes, for example, all his dresses for Brutus in "Julius Cæsar," for Shakespeare's Henry V, Richard III and Shylock, for Rostand's Cyrano, for Czar Ivan of Russia, for Don Carlos of Spain in Schiller's like named tragedy, for Bonaparte, for Beau Brummel.

Three French Republics.

The French were not able to permanently establish a republic until they had tried three times to do so. The anarchy of the French revolution produced Napoleon Bonaparte, as first consul, and then as emperor. The revolution of 1848 resulted in Napoleon III as hereditary emperor of the French by an almost unanimous vote in November, 1852. The third republic was a result of the Franco-Prussian war and the king of Prussia was proclaimed emperor of the Germans, September 4, 1870, and his coronation took place at Versailles January 18, 1871. The third French republic was saved from destruction by the ability and activity of Louis Adolphe Thiers. Like Cavour he carried his country safely through a great crisis.

Odd Bequests.

When men begin to think about winding up their worldly affairs and disposing of their earthly possessions, then do they, as at no other time in their mortal career, reveal the odd workings of their minds by the strange bequests they make, of which this extraordinary instance is given:

"I bequeath to George William Steel all my fancy stockings, and to Mary Hannah Wiggin my set of false teeth for waiting upon me." Thus, on a half-sheet of notepaper, William Greenwood, an English retired cotton spinner, disposed of his worldly "goods and chattels."

China's Peanut Industry.

Before the war the peanut industry of China had reached its highest point in its relation to the foreign export trade. The annual exports then were about 70,000 tons of shelled peanuts and about 50,000 tons of oil. More than 90 per cent of these amounts went from the port of Tsingtau. Shantung has become the largest peanut-producing province of China.

BEGIN TO RENEW FORESTS

England and Scotland Have Already Started to Replace Trees Cut Down During the War.

England and Scotland are preparing to replant forests which have been cut to provide war supplies. They are not waiting until peace is concluded, but are doing it now. Never before have those countries been so bare of timber. Hunting ranges and sporting grounds have been sacrificed to supply munition factories at home and armies abroad. The old forests were primarily ornamental and incidentally useful, but those which are now being provided for will be primarily useful and incidentally ornamental, says Robert H. Moulton in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

In the United States we are not in so much need of tree planting as they are in the British Isles. But there are two kinds of timber which the war demand has greatly depleted, and they are kinds of much importance—walnut and black walnut.

There is another point to be considered in the planting of these trees: They can be grown on sandy tracts of land which are now considered of no value, and thus reclaim the land.

An excellent illustration of what can be accomplished in the way of reclaiming useless land through the planting of trees has been carried out during the last six or eight years by a resident of Whiteside county, Illinois. In those years he has accomplished the seemingly impossible task of turning some 70 acres of sand, formerly as barren as the desert of Sahara, into a flourishing forest. Nor is that all; for this forest, acting as a sand blinder, has been the means of saving other fertile acres from the inroads of the drifting sand, and the total result being that the farm has increased several times in value. The sandy tracts, which, before being planted to trees, were practically worthless, are now worth anywhere from $50 to $100 an acre.

HOLYOKE HAS LOST HONOR

Town Officially Declared Not to Have Been the Birthplace of Junius Spencer Morgan.

Holyoke, Mass., which has long claimed the honor of being the birthplace of Junius Spencer Morgan, grandfather of the present J. P. Morgan, has been shorn of this fame by the town of West Springfield. This decision has been rendered by the Connecticut Valley Historical society.

The explanation lies in the fact that the present city of Holyoke was formerly a part of the town of West Springfield and that, contrary to Holyoke's contention, and the assumption of the Morgan family, the site of the ancestral home of Junius Spencer Morgan is still included within the boundaries of West Springfield, though by a narrow margin.

The present J. P. Morgan received an opportunity to perpetuate family history in West Springfield through the instrumentality of any public gift which appealed to his fancy. Though Mr. Morgan was unresponsive, the contest between Holyoke and West Springfield for birthplace honors progressed merrily and was settled only recently.

Aviators' Ailments.

Rarefied air affects the aviator as well as his engine, and those who plan to make flying a regular vocation or to make frequent flights to a considerable height are liable to find difficulties in adjusting themselves to the new conditions. Etienne and Lamy reported to the French Academy of Medicine that enlargement of the heart develops in all aviators. In ascending to an altitude where the atmospheric pressure is half that normal to the body or less, extra work is suddenly thrown upon the heart, and if this is repeated often or long continued some adjustment is the natural course. The hypertrophy seems to vary in degree with the height frequented. Chasing and bombing airplanes usually fly above 15,000 feet, and the heart enlargement induced is greater than among the groups of fliers who keep in the zone from 3,000 to 10,000 feet above sea level.

But There Was a Difference.

Here is a story concerning Sir Arthur Pinero.

It appears that he was on the point of rehearsing a new play, the rehearsal being timed to begin at eleven o'clock.

Looking around at the assembled company, he noticed that one lady was absent.

"Where is Miss Blank?" asked Sir Arthur sharply of his stage manager.

"She has permission to come at 11:30," was the reply, "as she is washing her head."

"Nonsense," growled Sir Arthur, in pretended anger, as he took off his hat, displaying his bald head. "Why, I wash my head every morning, yet I'm never late for rehearsal."

Flu Slays Poor Mexicans.

Ravages of Spanish influenza among the poor charcoal burners who live in the mountains surrounding the Mexican capital are said to be responsible for the unprecedented price which that commodity is bringing. In the last month charcoal, which is generally used for cooking purposes, has increased about 300 per cent in cost. The municipality has made arrangements to buy this product in quantities and retail it at reduced figures. One paper in the capital states that almost 90 per cent of the Indians who supplied the City of Mexico with the fuel were victims of the scourge.

INVENTION GOT GOOD TRY-OUT

Exploit of an Elderly French Aviator With Particular Hobby, Has Become Legendary.

Another French officer, recently promoted to a very high position in aviation, is a genuine character, a numero, as they say here. He recently spent many hours in perfecting a trick optical sight, guaranteed to down a Boche at any range, angle or speed. He adored his invention, which, he admitted, would probably end the war when fully perfected, and grew quite testy when his friends told him the thing was far too complicated for anything but laboratory use.

A list, though he had reached a non-flying rank and had not flown for months, he instilled the optical wonder on a single-seater and went out over the lines to try it out. As luck would have it he fell in with a patrol of eight Albatrosses and the fight that followed has become legendary. Boche after Boche dove on him, riddling his plane with bullets, while the inventor in a scientific ecstasy, peered this way and that through his sight, adjusting set screws and making hasty mental notes. By a miracle he was not brought down, and in the end a French patrol came to his rescue. He had not fired a shot!

At lunch the other day someone asked what sort of a chap this inventor was, and the answer was so exceedingly French that I will reproduce it word for word: "He detests women and dogs; he has a wife he adores and a dog he can't let out of his sight." A priceless characterization, I think, of a testy yet amiable old martinet.—Charles Bernard Nordhoff in the Atlantic Monthly.

FEWER HEROES' NAMESAKES

One Popular Custom Seems to Have Virtually Ended With Cleveland's Administration.

Americans are abandoning the old custom of naming their children after the hero of the hour, according to the New York Sun. At the time of the Civil war and immediately thereafter thousands of children were named Abraham Lincoln.

This custom continued about thirty years after the war. The last American president to be honored in this way by any large number of persons was Grover Cleveland. The Avenue City baby is named with Grover Cleveland's, as boys born during the great democratic administration are just now of the finest fighting age. The slump began during McKinley's term and has continued ever since.

There are comparatively few William McKinleys and even Theodore Roosevelt, with all his immense popularity, gained but few namesakes. President Taft had only a small number of babies named after him. In time of war, such as has existed for the last two years, it would be imagined that the custom would revive, but there has been only a slight increase.

Out of 43,000 births recorded in Philadelphia in 1918 there were only 27 Woodrow Wilsons and only 7 John Pershings, according to the records of the bureau of vital statistics.

Any Duty, Mr. Hun?

The Boche customs officer—or rather the former Boche customs officer—at Metz probably will remember one of the final "declarations" he accepted. It was from the correspondent of a Paris paper, who reached Metz ahead of the French troops. The Germans still were in the town they had held since 1870, but in view of the armistice made an attempt to stop the correspondent from entering the city.

Writing to his paper of his experience the correspondent told how no one but the customs officer stopped him, and continued:

"The officer asked if I had anything to declare, to which I responded that what I had to declare was:

"'Vive la France!'"

Cutting Down Work Hours.

Charles W. Runyon, clerk of the Martin circuit court, who attended the meeting of county clerks and who is said to be the youngest clerk in the state, has a daughter, Alice, just starting to school.

Alice was at a little desk Santa Claus had brought her. She had apparently been in a deep study for some time when she suddenly looked up and said:

"Mother, I have made a new resolution."

"What resolution have you made, my dear," replied Mrs. Runyon.

"Well, mother," said Alice, "I'm not going to work so hard next year as I did this."—Indianapolis News.

Birds Steal Rides.

Birds are fast taking the place of hobos on the brakebeams of trains, according to John E. Sexton, president of the Eureka-Nevada Railroad company of Palisade, Nev.

Sexton says birds, especially sparrows and linnets, are extremely lazy this year, and instead of flying from the East to the West are riding the brakebeams.

Citing an instance, Sexton said that about 300 birds riding on a Southern Pacific train passing through Nevada from the east recently flew from their perches between the coaches when the train passed over a rough crossing.

Causes of Commercial Growth.

The chief causes of the growth of international commerce from less than $2,000,000,000 in 1818 to approximately $20,000,000,000 in 1918 are growth in population, cheapening in transportation and a division of labor among groups of men the world over.

ROUSES HENS FROM INACTION

Theory as to Benefit of Use of Artificial Illumination Would Seem to Be Plausible.

How can artificial illumination have any effect on egg production, is the question being asked by some skeptical poultrymen who have never made any tests.

The answer is, according to the workers in poultry husbandry at the New York state college of agriculture, that the light appears to equalize the time between meals and to shorten the period of inactivity of the fowls during the long nights.

The long nights of the late fall and winter months apparently cause the fowls to use a larger proportion of the night feed for bodily needs than would be the case under normal conditions in the springtime, when the days and the nights are of practically equal length.

At the time of the year when fowls lay the most eggs in New York state—the months of April, May and June—the days and the nights are approximately of equal length. Under these conditions, fowls appear to assimilate their feed, secure the proper amount of exercise, and form their eggs to best advantage.

The latter part of December there are about fifteen hours of darkness and nine hours of daylight, whereas in the latter part of June the reverse is true—there are approximately fifteen hours of daylight and nine hours of darkness.

In other words, illumination attempts to imitate spring conditions so far as the hours of activity and the regulation of feed supply are concerned.

CROW IS ENEMY OF FARMER

Under Modern Conditions There Seems Little Reason for the Bird's Continued Existence.

The record of the crow is like its coat about as black as black can be—a writer in Detroit Free Press says. It may be that in the great plan of nature, some time in the past, the crow served a useful purpose, likewise the hawk and the buzzard. Take the buzzard for example. Once protected by the game laws everywhere because useful for removing carrion the stench of which offended the nostrils of all animal life, it is now outlawed, because man realizes that it is better to bury or burn the dead leaving no excuse for the existence of the disease-carrying buzzard. So, in the beginning, the mission of the crow, we may conjecture, was to preserve some equilibrium, some balance in the economy of nature. It may be he was placed here to hold in check the weed seed and grain eating birds, because weeds were a factor in the pest in covering the waste places of the earth and making them fertile. However that may have been, there seems to be no excuse for his existence now since man, the agriculturist, seeds the waste places to useful grains and grasses and needs the help of the insectiverous birds.

Tokyo to Treble Its Population.

If plans adopted by a special committee are carried out, Tokyo will become a city with an area of 226 square miles—a startling contrast to its present area of 30 square miles. The Tokyo Asahi claims that the absorption of the score of suburban cities, some of which the editor says possess larger populations than other principal cities, excepting Osaka, Yokohama, Kobe, Kyoto and Nagoya, will make Tokyo the largest city in the world. Suburban Tokyo now includes the populous residential and industrial communities of Shinagawa, Meguro, Shibuya, Harajuku, Yodobashi, Nakano, Osaki, Suganio and many others. These towns are no longer suburbs, but parts of Greater Tokyo, and the movement is to bring them under one administration.

Old New Year's Day.

The act for the change of style provided that the legal year in England, 1752, should commence, not on the 25th of March, but on the first of January, and that after the third of September in that year, the next ensuing day should be held as the 14th, thus dropping out 11 days. A similar change was made about the same time in Sweden and Tuscany, and Russia and Greece are now the only countries using the old style. The years 1800 and 1900, not being considered by us as leap years, have interjected two more days, actually making the difference 13 days between old and new style.

Will Not Read Bible in Schools.

The Atlanta board of education at a recent regular meeting reversed its action which ordered the reading of the Bible and repeating the Lord's prayer in the public schools of the city. This action was taken by the board after having heard read the address of the late Senator Joseph E. Brown, war governor of Georgia and the first president of the Atlanta board of education, which was delivered in 1873, and in which the Georgia senator delivered an argument against enforcing the use of the Bible in the schools.

Lawyer's Humor.

Mr. Hohenzollern says he prefers not to think of his exit from Germany as a "flight." While we would like to agree with William, we cannot help thinking of a case that occurs to real estate lawyers. When a tenant is thrown out for not paying his rent or for abusing the premises the lawyers call it "an amicable action in ejectment."—Collier's Weekly.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW

The Alibi Guy is perpetually out of Luck. Fate is Agin him, for he was Born under the Sign of Capricornus, the Goat. If he were as Good at Getting Results as he is at Inventing Excuses, he'd be a Bear. Here we See him rehearsing a Scene which will shortly Take Place with Friend Wife.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW

The Politician is Down from the County Seat hitting Everybody, so it must be Getting near Election Time. The Politician is a Pleasant Cuss who agrees with All you Say, and Splits his Sides at your Jokes. Gosh, we'd Hate to be a Politician and have to be Nice to Everybody All the Time.

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Chinese Mouth Organ.

The Chinese have a singular instrument called cheng or mouth-organ. It is a circular bundle of small reeds of different lengths, pierced with finger-holes at proper distances, and communicating with a common air chamber beneath. The notes are produced by stopping the holes with the fingers.

Just to Oblige.

"Why did you put up your city hall to look like an ancient castle?" "Well, the movie people pay a good bit of taxes here, and they said it would be a great help in filming medieval scenes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Incongruities.

A St. Louis man, who was arrested, had a picture of his Sunday school teacher and one of a burlesque actress on his person. The Philadelphia Telegram has discovered a man whose diet is cream puffs and pig's feet. We know of a baseball writer whose hobby is Shakespeare.—Buffalo News.

Try the MINER three months for 50 cents.

EAST SMETHPORT

Mrs. Adda Crawford has returned to her home after spending several days in Port Allegany.

Mrs. Ella Bush has arrived at her home here. She has been visiting at Delevan N. Y. for several weeks.

Miss Clara Oviatt of Olean spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Oviatt.

Ida Prime and Susie Youngs attended the show at Coryville on Friday night.

Miss Gladys Nourse was a guest of Miss Mary Moody of Coryville on Friday night.

Miss Katherine Fay of Crosby spent Sunday here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gillian have moved on the McKiernan farm, Bush Hill.

Clinton McAhon of Wellsville is visiting his grandmother Mrs. P. H. McAhon.

Mrs. George King has been seriously ill for the past week.

Mrs. Sadie Bowers and daughter of Port Allegany are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Crawford.

Marian Bush of Coryville spent Sunday with her mother Mrs. Etta Bush.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Wales of Bolivar were here to attend the funeral of the latter's father John Stull.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peterson of Olean attended the funeral here on Sunday.

LARRABEE

J. L. Rasmann was a Buffalo visitor last Thursday.

F. E. Cleveland of Perce Brook called on friends in town Monday.

Claude Slingerland and brother, Clayton, of Portville were here Tuesday morning.

Eros Carpenter and C. J. Carey attended the Farm Bureau meeting in Smethport last Wednesday.

Mrs. F. A. Moon of Coryville was a guest of relatives in town Saturday.

Floyd Marsh and Mr. Lathrop of Crosby, chroute to Portville, spent Wednesday night with A. L. Dawley.

Miss Nhg Lee Carpenter was a guest of Miss Beryl Loop last Thursday afternoon and night.

Walter Plummer of Olean visited Forrest Pendleton Saturday.

Eugene Haynes and brother Joseph of Sartwell called on their sister Mrs. J. T. Johnson Monday.

John Ellis Jr. of Windfall was a Sunday guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rice.

M. M. Childs had the misfortune to fall on the railroad track here Wednesday night, breaking his leg near the ankle. Dr. Meacham of Eldred is attending him.

CROSBY.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bloomster went to Olean N. Y., Wednesday.

Mrs. Clara Wilcox gave a birthday party Wednesday night in honor of Geraldine Manwarning. Refreshments were served and the children all enjoyed themselves playing games.

Mr. ad Mrs. Oscar Johnson moved their household goods to Smethport Monday.

The Tri Mic S. S. class held a party at Rev. W. H. Edmunds Wednesday night. A lovely supper was served by Mrs. Edmunds and all had a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Wilcox spent Monday evening at Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitemore's

Miss Helen Larson was a guest of Miss Hazel Wilcox Wednesday night.

Mrs. I. G. Wilcox and daughter, Velma were in Port Allegany over Sunday. Velma were guests of Mrs. Harvey Mc Velma having some dental work done.

Mr. de Bailey is not gaining very fast.

Mr. Enos Marsh has rented his farm [illegible] from Port Allegany.

Mrs. Ed Mar h went to Olean on Tuesday [illegible] had dental work done.

Miss Hazel Wilcox spent Monday ni[illegible] with Miss Vixen Wilcox.

[illegible] Kibbin spent Thursday at Mr. and Mrs. Archie Austins.

Mr. N. L. Mar h spent Sunday with his family.

BETULA.

Harry Corbet visited friends at Crosby Saturday and Sunday.

Edward Burdick is able to be out again after his recent illness of pneumonia and influenza.

Edward Dinsmore was at Olean Friday afternoon and Saturday.

The junior basket ball team went to Crosby Friday night and played the Crosby boys and also meet defeat Score 41 to 9.

The movies started up Wednesday night last week with a fred show and a large crowd.

Earl and Reymond Grinolds were Saturday and Sunday guests of relatives at Crisby.

Boyd Castlin has been home from Johnsonburg the past week visiting his family. He has sold his horse to Fred Miller and expects to buy a farm this Spring.

M. W. Grinolds has moved his family into the house which he recently purchased of Mr. Cashman.

Mr. and Mrs. James Layfield are the proud parents of a baby boy.

We hear the Crosby boys are so fond of their girls they escort them home from High school and stand by the roadside and talk so long the neighbors have to carry them a chair so they can rest. We are glad the boys of this town are not so badly smitten.

INCOME TAXES.

Cash payment of Income Taxes should not be sent by mail, or tendered to branch officers of Collectors of Internal Revenue. It is only at his main office that a Collector receives cash payments. Cash sent by mail is always at the owner's risk, and if lost or stolen may result in penalties for failure of the payment to reach the Collector on or before the due date.

A tax payer will find it more practical to purchase a money order or draft, or draw his check for the amount of the tax, made payable to the Collector of Internal Revenue of his District.

The payment should be attached securely to the completed return or to a tentative return and forwarded by mail or messenger to the Collector's main office orto the nearest Internal Revenue branch office.

The forwarding of income payments should not be delayed. Each payment now due must reach the Collector or Deputy Collector on or before March 15th, otherwise the taxpayer will besubject to penalties named in the law.

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER.

Sgt. 1 cl. Ernest H. Perkins, Office of Embarkation Surgeon, Headquarters Embarkation Camp A. P. O. 701, American E. F.

2nd February 1919.

My Dear Mr. Hulett:—

I fear that I have neglected my correspondence of late and confess that it must be some time since I have written to you at all. Since it has been a time no doubt I will go away back in memory and try to give you some idea of what I have been doing. For a long time at the hospital of which I previously told you, I was on the Camp Surgeon work. This was mostly statistical work and getting up reports of the sanitary conditions of the camp, together with the presence of epidemics, most prevalent diseases, etc. About the first of October I was taken off that work and made Sergeant Major of the hospital, in the meantime having received the first class tacked onto the sergeant. I enjoyed this work very much altho it was very long hours and very tiring. I was on this job until about the middle of November when a Master Hospital Sergeant was transferred to us and his rank took my job. My Major knowing that I wanted to study medicine when I got out asked me if I would not like the Surgical Ward, which of course I did. I was in charge of the Acute Surgical Ward until the 7th of December. During this time I received a great deal of practical training rogo with my executive experience in the office for so long. We had as 800 bed hospital, which of course over-lege is quite small; but few hospitals in the States are of this size and I consider the experience no trifle. I had some experience in the operating room and a good deal of ward work.

On theith of December the Major was transferred to St. Nazaire as Embarkation Surgeon and he asked me to come with him as Sergeant Major for this office which I did. We came down by auto the next day. At that time the return of troops to the states was just beginning and we had quite a little trouble getting things well under motion. Our particular work is to give a very rigid physical examination to every man on his way to the states. In this exam every man with any sort of communicable disease is sorted out and held at the hospital until he has recovered. Men who are lousy are deloused at the time—in fact all troops are deloused for it is taken for granted over here that everyone has cootes. It is our job to check up the rosters of the outfits to see if they have all passed successfully this examination and if so give clearance papers. Our plant has a capacity of 1000 men an hour. The work is very peculiar in that there is lots of work for a while and then nothing, for the men must be examined within 24 hours previous to sailing. For this reason it bunches just before a ship sails and then is quiet for a time.

Every four months a soldier is supposed to have seven days rest at a leave area. However during the fight there are a few who could get away on a leave. Such has been my condition altho I had been over here 7 months before I could get away. But when I did go I had a very nice time. I went from here (St. Nazaire, just below the horn on the western coast of France) up the Loire river to Nantes, there I changed for Bordeaux. Had eight hours in that city and saw practically everything of interest. From there I went down thru the Pyrenees mountains between France and Spain. The mountains were very pretty at this season of the year. The lowlands were quite warm and the peaks covered with snow. Olives and vineyards were everywhere in abundance. From here I went to the Mediterranean coast and followed that eastward for some distance and then up into the Rhone valley. From there down to Marseilles and westward to Nice near the Italian border. Nice is a beautiful city, built of a yellow stone and brick. All All about the city were large green palm trees which sprinkled the yellow. In front of the city the Mediterranean could not be more blue. To the rear the foothills of the Alps were of a brick red, while beyond the snow-capped peaks of the Alps cast a distant shiver of contrast to the warm weather in the city. The scenery is very beautiful.

While at Nice we visited Monte Carlo and the Principality of Monaco, the Italian border, goin into Italy about a mile and a half, where we could buy postcards and stamps and send them thru the Italian mail. There are many points of interest about Nice also. The old Romans usually came through this section south of the Alps in their days of conquest when they controlled France, then Gaul. I saw ruined amphitheatres where Christians had been thrown to the lions and burned at the stake, old churches where old-time Popes had had scraps with the ruling emperors, old forts which had withstood the attacks of barbarians, and a lot of old time stuff. Kept me racking my brain to recall the history connected with them. The Y. M. C. A. is using an old time casino, a very beautiful building, in which there were reading rooms, writing rooms, lunch rooms, a theatre, orchestra and dance hall. The army sends a band down for two week periods, thereby giving them a change from mud. The government has taken over the use of nearly all the hotels there, and there are a bunch too. When men come in they are assigned a hotel and while there live the same as any civilian would. Nice alone had about 8000 men on leave there at one time. It was the first day that I had had off duty since I arrived in France.

From Nice I went up through the Alps to Aix-les-Bains near Mt. Blanc and spent a day [illegible] In Paris we had particular good [illegible] Soldiers are [illegible] to stay there only from one train to the other but by good fortune as there were three of us traveling together, one of them met a friend from Mauch Chunk, Pa., and he being on the Military Police, fixed us up for 48 hours in Paris. We thereby got to see the whole town by the aid of the Y. M. C. A. sightseeing trips. Practically all of the buildings and places that one hears mentioned I either saw or was in. I also had the good fortune to see President Wilson as he was coming from the hall of Foreign Affairs after opening the debate on the League of Nations. I was up in the hole that was blown in the roof and side of St. Gervais Cathedral by the German long range gun last Good Friday. Was twice in Notre Dame cathedral, Palace of Justice, etc., etc., all the buildings centrally located.

General Pershing is here today on a tour of inspection so I have seen nearly all the big men now in France.

But now that the fight is all over the boys are very anxious to get back home. The army is increasing the leave privilege, athletics and entertainment trying to keep the men content but it is pretty hard. There is nothing that takes the place of home. I hope to go back at least by the first of July for I would like to go to Summer School and brush up a little on my cremistry and anything before I begin work in earnest next fall. Not having thought in the terms of school for so long I have grown very rusty. But I dare not plan too much for I am not sure when I can get home.

How are you feeling this winter? I have heard that it has been a very mild winter in the States. Our winter is getting colder than it has been for some time. Is Mrs. Stewart well? Since I have been in the army I have filled out until now I weigh 183 pounds. Will be almost as big as my mother and father put together soon.

But I beleive that I had better get to work and do a little something this Sunday afternoon. Altho we have to work every day in the week I always manage it so that I do not only the necessary essentials on Sunday, try to make it as much of a rest day as possible. Hope that it will not be long before I will be back in God's Country and can come down and see you. My very best to you all.

Sincerely, your young friend,
Earnest Perkins

NEW SPRING GOODS.

Everything that is new and up-to-the minute in stylish Millinery and Shirt Waists.

adv.10w2 Mrs. Clair White.

—A. P. Huey, Esq., of Kane was a Smethport visitor the forepart of the week.

WANTED.

To buy a wagon box in good condition 39 inches wide by 12 foot long. Kindly leave information at Denning Meat Market. 3t***

Read the Miner for all the news

AUCTION

Wednesday, MARCH 26

Sale Starts at 10 a. m.

The undersigned will sell at his residence 3-4 mile south of Farmers Valley, on the Smethport road all the following property:

THREE COWS, 2 year old HEIFER coming fresh, YEARLING BULL, Pair of 5 year old COLTS partly broken.

Spike tooth harrow, smoothing harrow, weeder, wagon box, road cart, set heavy driving harness, set 5-ton weigh scales, land roller, set horse clippers, 10-horse-power sweep, 10-horse grain separator, top buggy, 50 bushels seed oats, a quantity of buckwheat and a number of small articles.

TERMS OF SALE: All sums under ten dollars cash; over that amount will give eight months' time on good endorsed notes with interest.

LUNCH WILL BE SERVED. Don't forget the date, Wednesday, March 26.

W. H. Swort

BUSH HILL.

Miss Nellie Smith spent the week end with her sister Mrs. John Lyman of Port Allegany.

Miss Agnes Marsh spent the week-end with her parents in Betula, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reynolds and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Smith Sunday.

Cena Freer called on her aunt, Mrs. Henry Jordon Sunday.

The Misses Marie Hooley and Agnes Marsh called on Miss Nellie Tuesday evening.

Walter VanSickles took a load of potatoes to Norwich one day last week.

John Gillen was a Smethport shopper Friday.

Nellie Smith visited the Upper Open Brook School Thursday, last.

Miss Helen Johnson spent the week-end at her home in Bradford.

Mr. Edward Lynch was a Smethport shopper Monday.

T. L. Smith called on Robert Oliver Sunday.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Estate of N. F. Ferris, Late of Keating Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania.

Letters of Administration on the above Estate, having been granted February 14th 1919, by the Register of Wills of the said County of McKean to Hamlin Bank & Trust Company of Smethport Borough in the County aforesaid: request is hereby made to all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said Decedent to immediately make known the same, and all persons indebted to the said Decedent, to make payment thereof, to the said Administrator without delay.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company,
Administrator.
Smethport, Pa. February 15, 1919
Sheridan Gorton, Atty. adv8w6.

AUDITORS' REPORT OF NORWICH TOWNSHIP ROAD FUND.

for the year ending on the first Monday in Dec. 1918.

Receipts.

Balance in Township Treasury from preceding years		$1947.60
Amount of cash collected on Road Tax duplicate from first Monday in Dec. 1917 to first Monday in Dec. 1918	$2000.00	
Amount of cash collected on old Road Tax duplicates issued prior to first Mon. in Dec. 1917 not previously reported	85.40	
Amount received from County Commissioners as Road Tax on unseated land from first Mon. in Dec. 1917 to first Mon. in Dec. 1918	$689.89	$775.29
Amount received from State as Cash Tax Bonus during period from first Mon. in Dec. 1917 to first Mon. in Dec. 1918		498.13
Amount received from Work on State Highway		51.00
Amount received from other sources		10.00
Total amount available for road purposes		$3207.20

Expenditures

Expended for repairs or maintenance of roads, including sluices	$2399.31
Expended for new tools and machinery	1337.76
Expended for repairs to tools and machinery	40.35
Expended for wages of Roadmasters	265.00
Expended for compensation to Collector 1917	118.77
Expended for compensation to Treasurer and Secretary	156.22
Miscellaneous expenditures and policeman wages	661.37
Total expenditures	$7959.40
Balance in Treasury, December, 1918	247.80
	$3207.20

We, the Auditors of Norwich Township, having examined the above accounts find them correct, and here with attach our hand and seal.

A. G. McALLISTER,
C. M. BENSON,
W. A. HULETT,
Auditors.

YOU CANNOT

afford to insure yourself; otherwise you would not need insurance.

The same reasons that prompted you to carry insurance should, upon due inquiry, admonish you perhaps to take out more insurance, because of the increased cost of building materials, labor, and nearly every other item of expense entering into the cost of making repairs, or of re-building after a fire. Ask

Burdick's Insurance Agency & Music Store

305 W. MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA.